

FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 26, 1970

Biafra: End of a Rebellion

TIME



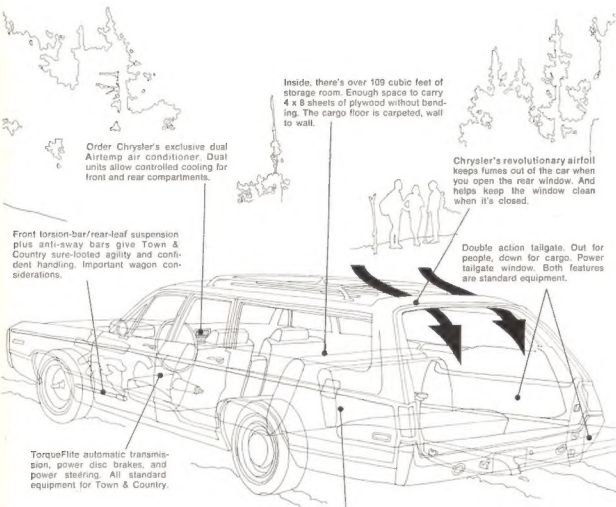
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LETTERS

Who I Am

Sir: Thanks for the characterization of me. Now I know who I am, what I am, what I believe and why I believe it. Thank God for Middle Americans [Jan. 5].
MRS. J. J. PERKINS

Wichita Falls, Texas

Sir: In this year of man's first moon landing to make Middle Americans Man of the Year is like making the Spanish peasant man of the year in 1492!

BARBARA MUNSCHAUER

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir: Even after a losing season, a coach wouldn't give the team's Most Valuable Player award to the scorekeeper!

DAN DURAWAY

Buffalo

Sir: You have given words to a theme so basic that its music will be heard throughout the entire coming decade.

PHILIP F. ANSCHUTZ

Denver

Sir: It is the students, the peace workers, the black militants, the Charles Garrys, the Dan Berrigans, the Panthers and the Young Lords who are alive to the currents that can move our country toward a more honest, yet painful, human freedom. It is not the Silent Majority, who wait for a Scribe to voice their private thoughts and then say "Amen," who are going to affect the dynamism of America. I think that the people who are satisfied and proud ought to be invited to leave, for they don't truly love their country nor do they want a greater future for her.

SISTER AGNES KELLY

St. Angela's Convent
The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: Many of the Middle Americans probably will not recognize themselves, and even sadder, the remainder will recognize themselves and be proud.

JOAN M. JUDD

Saugus, Mass.

Sir: My husband and I were very proud to be on the cover of your magazine. It was an eerie feeling to know you were writing about us, as if you had interviewed us personally. We did stand for over an hour, in the cold, to take the kids to Radio City this Christmas vacation; we did vote for Nixon; we do feel S. I. Hayakawa is one of the heroes of today; and I cry at every splashdown. You've captured in print our hopes, our ideals, our feelings, our fears and our concern.

(MRS.) SUSAN LEVINE

Rockaway Beach, N.Y.

Sir: "They sing the national anthem at football games—and mean it."
Your wisecrack is contemptible.

WILLIAM P. HEBURN

Annapolis, Md.

Sir: Your banal enthroneement of confused, inarticulate, chauvinistic, anti-intellectual mediocrity has struck a responsive chord in my cynical heart. Bless you.

LUCIAN R. SMITH

Mankato, Minn.

Sir: There have been times in the past decade when I was sure I was in the wrong house, dead, or just plain insane,

or maybe all three. Your reassurance that I'm alive, and that there are others like me, has made my New Year.

(MRS.) MARJORIE D. WHITESIDE

Richmond

Sir: From the visual put-down of depicting us as flat, two-dimensional beings existing on cigarettes and ersatz food to the condescension slightly tinged with apprehension of the article, you show clearly the mild contempt of the self-anointed intellectual aristocracy for the stupid middle-class geese who lay the golden eggs of taxes and keep our country running.

I'm sure you confidently expect that we will be so flattered at being noticed by our betters that we won't realize we are being mocked.

C. A. COZART

Boulder, Colo.

Sir: Flat, wooden-headed, with money and a monkey wrench in the middle of everything: Vin Giuliani has certainly captured the essence of the Middle American! (THE REV.) WILLIAM K. HUBBELL

Lexington, Ky.

Dog Spelled Backwards

Sir: No, the eternal God did not die and come back to life [Dec. 26]; but your article points out hopeful signs that dead doctrines, feeble faith and stagnant systems might be on the verge of revitalization. Who knows but what with all the other inversions taking place these days, the Year of the Dog (1970, according to the zodiac of the Orient) may yet turn into the year of our God.

(THE REV.) CLARK B. OFFNER

Chikusa Ku, Japan

Sir: God was dead because He did not conform to the image and desires of the selfish. He still does not. To say that we must make God relevant is foolishness. It is blasphemy based on the notion that God is only the opiate of the people.

WILLIAM E. SPEED

Foreman, Ark.

Sir: Until humanity reaches a level of maturity with enough stability to overcome all religions, we are doomed to failure in His quest. If the meaning of G.O.D. is "Grand Old Dad" to many, it is also the "Greatest Overwhelming Doubt" to others. Anyway, there is enough hope left to brag: In man we trust.

JEAN CRÉTÉ

São Paulo, Brazil

Sir: Perhaps man is coming of age, and having gotten off his knees, will finally do something that even a God might be proud of.

RICHARD J. SMITH

Grand Forks, N.Dak.

One Big Drugstore

In the article about a young boy who died from an overdose of heroin [Dec. 26], the following comment was made: "Walt had no trouble getting the stuff. Take a ride down 116th Street some time; see the pushers openly peddling heroin . . . you will see doped youngsters nodding listlessly in doorways."

I am a sophomore at an almost all-white high school whose district includes most of the elite part of town. Drugs are

peddled in the school, sometimes during study hall, more often at lunch and in the restrooms. They are peddled almost openly at the hamburger joint across the street, even when a cop car is there (the cops don't ignore it, they just don't realize what's going on). Kids come to school high on acid, pot and speed; some of them take cocaine and other hard drugs.

It surprises me when people say with a great deal of shock that drugs are openly peddled in a ghetto or at a rock festival. Drugs are peddled openly and used by your sweet, innocent Jimmy at your friendly neighborhood school.

JENNIFER ADAIR

Memphis

Those Black Irish

Sir: In your article about Bernadette Devlin [Jan. 5] you state that the prosecution charged that she called police "black bastards." To the Irish Catholic a "black" person is one who is militantly anti-Catholic. I am afraid that by publishing this alleged statement without some explanation, you may confuse your readers. To my knowledge, she is not a racist.

ERNEST P. WECKERER

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Oil and Trouble

Sir: I am surprised that there wasn't a mass movement in Santa Barbara to send Wally Hickel all of the dead birds from the beach for a Christmas present [Jan. 5]. He doesn't seem to be getting the message. We have heard enough about "pressure buildups," "more wells" and the "poor oil companies." We Californians want these oil wells, rigs and lines removed from our waters and the

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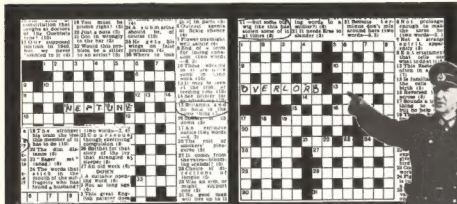
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Did these crossword puzzles (printed in the London Daily Telegraph, June 1944)



866. THE DISTRACTION
OF CONVOY PG. 17. David
trying. How alive phased



Q&A: TRAFFIC: THE MILDEN TRUCK. David Howarth. How Nelson turned mudcrush British fleet into local fighting force to defeat Napoleon. (Nov. Feb. ed. 58-59)



B7C. FLYING FORTRESS
Edward Sablanski, the
D-17's and the men who
flew them? 400 "photo
album" pictures, for
might spot an old crew



APR. THE TWO-DECK
BRID. SOUTHERN STEEL IN-
STANT. PULPIT. FINE
TOY. WOOD. WOOD. WOOD.
U.S. NAVY. FROM 192
IN 1940. ON 1955. ON

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J. DENTON COLLIER

San Diego, Calif.

Sir: Let us pray that the oil companies stop drilling in Santa Barbara and that everyone commit himself to saving our lives. Let us rather walk to where we are going than let one more bird die.

ALAN S. WEINER

San Francisco

Sir: After Illinois Attorney General William Scott cleans up Illinois [Jan. 5], we sure could use him in our state!

(MRS.) LYNN ROBERTS

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Echoes from My Lai

Sir: I wish military officers, such as Captain Marvin F. Platoon III, who are so eager to criticize critics of the My Lai incident [Jan. 5], would keep their damned mouths shut! They only verify the growing caricature of the military officer as a feeble-thinking neo-fascist type incapable of understanding the responsibilities of democracy in war or peace and, therefore, not to be trusted with either. War is hell, but loss of humanity is far worse.

DAVID P. WILSON

Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.

A.P.O. San Francisco

Sir: We here are all very sorry about the heartache, disbelief and nausea that Miss Swenson feels concerning My Lai [Dec. 26]. We too have those same feelings

—when one of our best men steps on a booby trap and has his leg blown off, and when incoming mortar rounds blow a buddy's head off and you volunteer to put the remains into a plastic bag.

We neither defend nor condemn My Lai, but we are sick of people regarding us as murderers. For those who have fought for it and died for it, freedom has a taste the protected will never know.

(SGT.) DAVID CHURP
U.S.A.

A.P.O. San Francisco

The Real Noel

Sir: You suggest that critics who rank Noel Coward with Sheridan and Wilde tend to overlook "the extent to which Coward's work is sheerly theatrical" and "remote" from real life [Dec. 26]. If this means that Sheridan and Wilde were relatively realistic writers, it would, I submit, surprise a great many.

You emphasize the view that Coward's works are of "inspired ineffectuality," mere flippant echoes of the trivial '20s, and that his greatest gift has been more his personal style than writing, directing, composing or acting. If this means that *Cavalcade* was a "brittle," sophisticated assemblage of early-30s witticisms instead of a great, deeply moving and enormously successful spectacle, then many memories, records and serapbooks are at fault.

Does your article mean to ignore what most critics still agree was one of the best and most "real" of all war films, *In Which We Serve*? And what about the simple, heartbreakingly "real" *Brief Encounter*? Or *Fumed Oak*? Or *Post Mortem*? Or one of his earliest—*The Vortex*, an in-

tense, psychological drama? And are the serious, sentimental and romantic musicals like *Bliss Sweet* and *Conversation Piece* to be dismissed as part of the legend which "dashes off pages of decadent dialogue before breakfast"?

In short, your account—presumably well-intentioned—seems to have been a "paste and scissors" affair, put together by someone who is either too young, too uninterested, or too lacking in theatrical knowledge for the assignment. Perhaps all three!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

Honolulu

Reading Enjoyment

Sir: Thanks for taking a big fat load off my mind. For some time I'd been wondering whether this Nicholas von Hoffman [Jan. 5] was for real. I had been reading the product of his labors with horrified fascination, surrounded that here we had an instant expert on absolutely everything and wincing at his diatribes against fat, contented, middle-class whites.

Thanks to your article, I know now that Nicky-poo is real. A real egocentric who uses his fire-eating "social commentary" and the fame (?) deriving therefrom as a lever to get himself little pay raises from his imbecile capitalist employers. A real armchair revolutionary.

I'll enjoy reading Nicky's pieces from now on—knowing, finally, that they are the work of a gold-plated phony.

GEORGE ZINNEBANN

Upper Marlboro, Md.

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headache for both employer and employee.

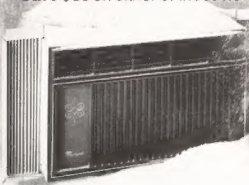
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

CORRESPONDENTS who have been covering West Africa describe the chaotic conditions there with the acronym WAWA, meaning "West Africa Wins Again." To the newsmen scrambling to cover the sudden collapse of the breakaway state of Biafra, last week was WAWA and then some. At the moment of victory for Nigeria, the nearest TIME Correspondent was James Wilde, 1,000 miles away in Kinshasa, the Congo. He could just as well have been on the moon. Defeated by bureaucracy and the vagaries of travel in Africa, Wilde was forced to as-

roadblocks. In Lagos, government officials refused to see newsmen at all. Nevertheless, Blashill managed an exclusive 45-minute interview with a top Nigerian official. "He kept saying he really had to go," recalls Blashill. "But he kept on talking. I found out later that he was supposed to be with General Gowon at the peace talks in which the Biafrans formally surrendered."

Half the job was getting the news out. "The public telex office was jammed day and night," reported Flamini. "The overloaded wires became more erratic with frequent break-

PEIRA BARBARA



WILDE WITH OJUKWU (1968)

sess the situation on the basis of long experience in the war and previous interviews with Biafran Leader Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu. Nevertheless, TIME was well represented at the week's biggest story. East African Correspondent John Blashill was in Addis Ababa when the word came; it took him 30 hours to cover over 6,000 miles to Lagos, through Athens, Geneva and London. In from Paris flew Roland Flamini, and he and Blashill pieced together a thorough report on the final break-up and surrender. Planes were grounded, and correspondents who attempted the 36-hour drive to Enugu, the original secessionist capital, were turned back by Nigerian army

downs and wrong numbers. One correspondent waited hours, only to discover that he had transmitted his entire story to a Scandinavian machine-tool factory with a call sign similar to that of his paper." Eventually TIME's team got their report over the wires to New York. Their files, along with Jim Wilde's in Nairobi, provided the material for this week's cover story written by Spencer Davidson, edited by Ronald Kriss and researched by Marion Knox.

The Cover: Photographic design by Fred Burrell, who utilized a dramatically lit wood-and-polychrome lbo mask. The figures in the foreground symbolize Biafran refugees.

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The SS5000 features RCA's high-performance Computer Crafted Stereo Tuner in the tuner/amplifier. It means great performance because it brings in hard-to-get FM/AM and FM Stereo stations and separates stations crammed together on the dial.

100 watts peak power

Put behind all this a tuner/amplifier with 100 watts of peak power.

This solid state stereo amp can handle everything from the massive tones of a pipe organ pedal to the delicate upper range of the piccolo. That's synergistic stereo for you.

Speakers in sealed enclosures

Each speaker unit houses a 10-inch woofer with an especially flexible rubber suspension called "Elastomer Surround"—a new technique in speaker construction.

Elastomer Surround provides greater depth and clarity to the bass tones, giving them such power they can actually blow out a match. The upper register is handled by two 3 1/4-inch specially designed tweeters.

Synchronous motor turntable

The turntable on our SS5000 is a precision 4-speed instrument for automatic or manual playing. Its synchronous motor assures accurate

record speeds regardless of line voltage variations. So friction-free is the turntable, it continues to turn for nearly a minute after it's shut off.

And there's more

Our SS5000 is abundant with features such as our famous Feather Action Tone Arm, a Duralife® diamond stylus, a pause selector, muting switch, tape and earphone jack—and many others.

Lower priced models, too

There are three synergistic stereo systems in all. Our lower-priced models—the SS4000 and the SS3000 are more compact, with some of the same features as the SS5000.

We said they were greater than the sum of their parts. But why not pay a call to your RCA dealer and find out for yourself?

RCA

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

End of a War

The leader fled his subordinates surrendered, and one day last week rebel Biafra ceased to exist. A war was over. The larger significance of that final fact is examined in THE WORLD section, but for America the events in remote Nigeria seemed to possess an unlikely decisiveness. Not since World War II has the U.S. known a war or insurrection that truly, clearly, came to an end—the capitulation signed the sword surrendered. Not in wars fought: Korea and Viet Nam. Not in conflicts passionately witnessed: Cuba, Hungary, the Middle East, Kashmir. If the Nigerians can resurrect the validity of reconciliation and make a peace that is not war by another name, they may restore an almost forgotten concept to the U.S. arsenal of expectations.

A New Publius

Circulating among Government departments in Washington is a 19-page treatise called "New Federalist Paper No. 1, by Publius." Two centuries ago, "Publius" was Hamilton, Madison and Jay, whose collective prose, "written in Favour of the New Constitution" became a classic catechism of the American democracy. The Nixonian Publius is White House Speechwriter William Safire, a longtime GOP public relations consultant.

"We like the blessings of central government," writes the new Publius. "We also like the blessing of decentralization, or home rule. Man has spent the past year working out a synthesis of the most desirable in both central government and home rule. The purpose [of the new federalism] is to come to grips with a paradox—a need for both national unity and local diversity. The new federalists . . . are using an approach best described as 'national localism.'"

Doubtless the problems the U.S. faces are more complex today than the founders faced. But the language also seems to increase in complexity, density and bureaucratized.

A Place to Die

A herd of 150 small whales nosed their way onto a beach near Fort Pierce, Fla., last week. Boaters and state conservation agents dragged the cetaceans, of the species *Pseudorca crassidens*, the false killer whale, back into deep wa-

ter. But the whales doggedly finned themselves onto the sand again, and 125 died. Scientists were at a loss to explain the mass death wish: perhaps a leader gone berserk, or a quirk of weather or topology that disoriented the whales' biological sonar systems. To those who see omens, it seemed that the whales were trying to tell us something. To those who have read the remarkable novel *The Day of the Dolphin*, the event had a haunting ring. In

Does He or Doesn't He?

President watchers have an eye for detail all their own. In the Jan. 17 issue of the *New Republic*, John Osborne accuses Richard Nixon of dyeing his hair. The tip-off supposedly came when Nixon appeared on a steamy night in Gulfport, Miss.; sweat, said Osborne, washed away the dye.

Only his barber knows for sure, and Steve Martini, who has been tending



SUICIDAL WHALES ON FLORIDA BEACH
Remembrance of Bi

that book, Novelist Robert Merle fantasizes an unsettling interview between a reporter and Bi, one of the first dolphins to master English.

Reporter: Every so often you hear that a school of dolphins or whales has run aground, and when the animals are put back into the water, they insist on returning to land to die. Why do they do this?

Bi: If we die on land, we will live on land after our death.

Reporter: If I understand correctly, the earth is your paradise, isn't it?

Bi: Yes.

Reporter: And what about man? Is he your God?

Bi: I do not know.

presidential locks for 18 years, is certain that Nixon has never tampered with his hair. He not only has Nixon's hair samples but has envelopes stuffed with presidential hair clippings dating back to Eisenhower. "The ones from the President's first haircut are the same as from the last," says Martini. Hirsutologists also suspected Lyndon Johnson, whose hair appeared to gray noticeably after he left office. Again Martini says no. "Toward the end of his tenure, says the barber, L.B.J. was finally persuaded to give up not dye, but the 'grass kid stuff' that seemed to darken his hair. After all, what President would not want a little statesmanlike gray at the temples?"

Politics: They're Off and Running for 1970

IN a purposely transparent charade, the President invited newsmen into his oval office while he and Texas Congressman George Bush chatted out of ear range. As they shook hands, Richard Nixon raised his voice to say, "I wish you luck." Then the handsome Texan flew off to Austin to announce that he was a candidate to unseat Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough. No endorsement had actually been made, but the message was clear: Bush was the President's man.

In California, San Francisco State College President S. I. Hayakawa said that he had made up his mind "each way six times," but had finally decided not to seek Republican Senator George Murphy's office. The temptation, he admitted, had been great. "Can you imagine what it would mean," he mused, "to have this state represented by a birthright member of the yellow peril?" In Boston, the surviving Kennedy brother, Teddy, was challenged by former State Republican Committee Chairman Josiah A. Spaulding, who announced his candidacy for Senator from Massachusetts.

Unleashing Agnew. All that activity last week underscored a basic political fact: 1970 is an election year and the stakes are high. Moving uncommonly early, candidates, self-proclaimed non-candidates and coy potential candidates are jockeying for position in the November elections that will serve as the first broad referendum on the Nixon Administration's policies. Republicans are even talking hopefully of seizing control of the Congress for the first time since 1954. But they need to gain an improbable 29 seats in the House to secure a majority, only seven in the Senate would give them a 50-50 tie, which Vice President Spiro Agnew could break in their favor.

Quite by chance, there are seven senatorial seats to be filled for which there are no clear favorites. They include a seat being vacated in Ohio and those now held by Democrats Thomas Dodd in Connecticut, Ralph Yarborough in Texas, Gule McGee in Wyoming, Frank Moss in Utah, Quentin Burdick in North Dakota, and Republican Charles Goodell in New York, who was appointed to Robert Kennedy's seat.

The resurgent Republicans have some reason for optimism. President Nixon has so far skillfully neutralized the most explosive issue—the Viet Nam War—by convincing most of the public that he can successfully turn the fighting over to the South Vietnamese. He is embracing as his own one of the most popular issues of the day: the drive against pollution of air and water. He has comforted Middle Americans with his gradualism on racial issues and tried to assuage their fear of street crimes with the tough-guy image of his Attorney General, John Mitchell. And he has turned a national joke into a potent po-



BUSH



TUNNEY



STEVENSON



TAFT

Eying for fame of their fathers.

litical asset by unleashing Vice President Agnew.

Pocketbook Protesters. Yet Republican leaders concede that at best their hopes are fragile; they could easily be undermined by events. No one can be certain that the South Vietnamese can handle Communist insurgency without massive U.S. help—and any U.S. re-escalation of the war could trigger a broader public protest than before. Crime, pollution, and deterioration in the quality of urban life are accelerating despite political rhetoric. It will take imagination, painful decisions—and much money—to reverse the trends. The danger of a recession, coupled with inflation, is the biggest threat of all to the G.O.P.'s election strength. Nothing could more readily turn the silent majority into a determined army of pocketbook protesters.

While such national issues broadly influence the dialogue and the fate of the candidates, elections turn mostly on matters of regional interests, party allegiances, and personalities. That is particularly true of the more localized contests for the House. Unless an overwhelming Republican surge develops later, the chance of a Republican takeover in the House is unlikely. While cheering their troops publicly, some top Republican strategists who have examined their strengths district by district concede privately that a gain of 29 seats is almost surely out of reach. They are, however, confident of breaking the traditional pattern that has the President's party losing seats in a non-presidential election year.

It is in the Senate that Republicans place their greatest hopes. While the factors and faces can change drastically by November, a number of interesting races are shaping up. Among them:

OHIO Democrat Stephen Young, 80, is retiring, two of the state's most popular Republicans are bruising each other in their rush to take his place. James Rhodes, the highly successful two-term Governor, and Congressman Robert Taft Jr., who hopes to follow in his famed father's footsteps, are headed for a punishing primary that only Democrats will enjoy. Despite allegations of misconduct leveled against him by LIFE magazine, Rhodes is no underdog to the stolid Taft. Democrats expect that in their primary, former Astronaut John Glenn's glamour will prevail over Cleveland Lawyer Howard Metzenbaum, a former state legislator. They hope that the internal Republican warfare will damage both Taft and Rhodes enough to offset the fact that Glenn has shown no out-of-this-world abilities as a politician. There is no clear favorite.

TEXAS Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough should survive a primary challenge from former Congressman Lloyd Bentsen, who is backed by Yarborough's longtime foe, former Governor John

Connally. But the conservative Bentsen will attack Yarbrough's liberal voting record and could soften him for the expected race with Republican Bush, whose father Prescott was a Senator from Connecticut. The articulate and conservative Bush will contrast sharply with the rough and folksy Yarbrough. A decisive factor in a close election could be the role, if any, of Lyndon Johnson. He has quarreled often with Yarbrough but recently has spoken of him with grudging respect.

ILLINOIS. Republican Ralph Tyler Smith, appointed to Everett Dirksen's seat, will have difficulty winning on his own against Democrat Adlai Stevenson III. A former speaker of the House in the Illinois legislature, Smith, 54, is far less known than State Treasurer Stevenson, 39, and suffers from a tendency toward vacillation. He managed to antagonize both downstate conservatives and metropolitan liberals by first opposing, then favoring the nomination of Clement Haynsworth to the U.S. Supreme Court. He will also be hurt by Republican Governor Richard Ogilvie's unpopular but necessary tax increases. Unlike his father, Stevenson is abrasive and aggressive, and must convince liberals that he is not too tainted by the lukewarm backing of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's organization. In the end, Daley may not work hard for Stevenson, but young Adlai is the favorite now.

CALIFORNIA. Republican George Murphy is vulnerable because of his age (67) and a raspy voice that keeps him visiting doctors to get statements meant to convince voters that he has recovered satisfactorily from throat cancer. He has also been more hawkish on Viet Nam than many Californians like and has voted against cuts both in taxes and oil-depletion allowances. Already announced against him is Congressman John Tunney, son of the retired boxing champion and one of the most attractive of the many Kennedy-style candidates in evidence this year. Young (35) and athletic, Tunney is less well known than the former actor and has irked liberals by failing to support the grape boycott. Democrat Hayakawa would have been a stronger candidate.

CONNECTICUT. Republicans are eager to take on Democrat Thomas Dodd, who was badly hurt by his Senate censure for misuse of campaign funds. No fewer than five Republicans have jumped in or seem to be waiting for the right moment. There is more immediate interest in whether Dodd can survive a primary challenge from two doves, Edward L. Marcus, majority leader in the state senate, and the Rev. Joseph Duffey, national chairman of A.A.D.A. Duffey has strong liberal supporters, including such war protesters as Actor Paul Newman. Marcus can expect more support from Democratic regulars. The race is still wide open.

Unsettled Three? After a close look at the 35 Senate seats to be filled—25 now held by Democrats and ten by Re-

publicans—TIME Correspondent Loyd Miller has concluded that the GOP faces a tougher task than might be expected to gain those seven controlling desks. Miller's analysis gives the Republicans a good chance to take over from four Democrats: Tennessee's Albert Gore, New Jersey's Harrison Williams, New Mexico's Joseph Montoya and Florida's Spessard Holland, who is retiring. But he also sees the Democrats as likely to displace three Republicans: Vermont's Winston Prouty, Alaska's Ted Stevens and Illinois' Ralph Smith.

Correspondent Miller counts twelve Democratic Senators as likely to be re-elected: Maine's Ed Muskie, Massachusetts' Edward Kennedy, Maryland's Joseph Tydings, Mississippi's John Stennis, Missouri's Stuart Symington, Montana's Mike Mansfield, Rhode Island's John Pastore, Washington's Henry Jackson, West Virginia's Robert Byrd, Virginia's Harry Byrd, Wisconsin's William Proxmire, Nevada's Howard Cannon. In Min-

nesota, Hubert Humphrey seems likely to replace the retiring Eugene McCarthy. Five Republican seats seem safe: those of Arizona's Paul Fannin, Hawaii's Hiram Fong, Nebraska's Roman Hruska, Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott and Delaware's John Williams, who is retiring. That analysis leaves only seven seats as highly unpredictable and certain to be keenly contested—and the Republicans would have to win all seven to take over the Senate.

THE ADMINISTRATION Back to the Chopping Block

Time, 10 p.m., Saturday, Jan. 10. Place: Headquarters of the federal Bureau of the Budget adjacent to the White House. Action: Weary officials put the last touches on the Nixon Administration budget. The big policy decisions have already been made at the Western White House in San Clemente. Proposed spending for fiscal year 1971, beginning next July 1, stands at \$203.5 billion,

by increasing minor taxes and taking other steps, an anti-inflationary surplus was projected. The next scene in the annual production belongs to the printers, standing by to complete a document of some 1,700 pages for presentation to Congress on Jan. 27.

All going according to script? Hardly. Last week Richard Nixon sent his budget back to the chopping block. Budget Director Robert Mayo, though aware on that Saturday night of the second thoughts developing in high places, had no instructions to stop the machinery. Treasury Secretary David Kennedy and his economists were skeptical about economic forecasts and revenue estimates supporting the prediction of a surplus. Real growth in the gross national product (GNP) had all but ceased in the final quarter of 1969. Continued dolars (see BUSINESS) would mean lower tax yields. That concern brought Kennedy into agreement with Economist Arthur Burns, who, on Feb. 1, will leave



his post as Counsellor to the President to become chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. Burns had been arguing for tighter restrictions on Government spending on the grounds that the Reserve Board's limitations on the money supply, severe though they have been, could not alone cope with inflation.

Romney's Slice. During the afternoon of Jan. 10, Burns solicited the help of George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. As they talked, Burns urged Romney to help lead a new effort to pare federal spending. The following Monday, Romney met with John Ehrlichman, Nixon's assistant for domestic affairs. Romney laid out a scheme for further across-the-board cuts in the budget, saying that his department would take a reduction as high as 5% if other Cabinet-level agencies did. Knowing that the President had his own misgivings about the budget, Ehrlichman took Romney in for a talk with Nixon.

Within hours, the White House was

summoning department heads for an unusual executive session of the Cabinet set for 3 p.m. Tuesday. No staff aides were invited. Attendance was held to 15. Nixon, Mayo, the twelve department chiefs and Donald Rumsfeld, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. Normally, Cabinet meetings last 90 minutes or less. This one was to take three hours and 15 minutes.

"We've cut," said Nixon. "We've economized. But we can do even better. Now let's do better." The President gave the floor to Romney, who made his pitch. "The economic decision-makers are convinced that inflation will continue. Having put our hand to the plow to curb inflation, we must convince the economic decision-makers that we are not going to turn away. A little difference can make a big difference. More specifically, Romney proposed 2½% slice in all departmental budgets, which would reduce the total to \$198.5 billion. He suggested a further economy of \$1.2 billion to be achieved by freezing all federal pay raises. As an example, he said, the President and all his senior political appointees should take an immediate 25% salary cut.

Stray Millions. The proposals for a uniform departmental budget cut, a pay raise moratorium and personal salary reductions not nowhere. Nixon, however, made it clear that Government spending had to be cut down as close to \$200 billion as possible. But snipping out \$1 billion or so, even from a spending schedule of \$203.5 billion, is far from easy. Expenditures such as debt service and pensions are mandated by law. Programs in other areas had already been subjected to the big squeeze. Yet the presidential directive insisted that more cuts be found. Heiber's excess taxes on consumer products which Congress would probably block anyway had been rejected as a means to build up the surplus. The Administration's budget, Nixon declared, must be "credible."

Thus the search began for stray millions. The new program to share federal revenue with the states will be retained—but trimmed from \$535 million to \$500 million. The defense budget, already chopped heavily, will lose perhaps another \$400 million. Even the Justice Department, which had previously escaped the economy wave, will undergo some minor pruning. All department heads were directed to report back within days on their savings proposals. The Democratic Congress, however, is not so vulnerable to presidential discipline. Capitol Hill is still rebelling against some Nixon austerity measures in the current budget year. Under the twin fears of voter reprisals in November and recession this year, Congress is likely to continue appropriating more money than the President cares to spend. Whatever ultimately happens with the budget, Nixon's well-publicized crusade for economies leaves the political record clear as to the identities of the spenders and the savers.

After the Combat Troops Come Home

One of the touchstones of Administration policy is that eventually only U.S. support troops will be left in Viet Nam. The prospect seems reassuring, particularly since the numbers and duties of the support troops are purposefully left vague. Last week TIME Correspondents in Washington and Saigon reported that the Administration's present plans, at least at the operational level, call for some 200,000 American support troops to still be in Viet Nam in early 1972. Events could alter those plans, but for the time being the generals in the Pentagon and in Viet Nam look to the following employment of the 200,000 U.S. support soldiers, airmen and advisers.

GROUND FORCES will number about 50,000 (if the military men get their way). The U.S. is likely to keep two airmobile divisions, probably the 1st Cavalry and 101st Airborne, each with about 450 helicopters, on hand after the other fighting units have been withdrawn. These units will serve as "fire brigades," taking advantage of their mobility to rush to any location where it appears that the ARVN (Army of Viet Nam) is in trouble. Even then, they are meant to take no part in the main fighting. Instead, they will free regular ARVN or militia units for combat by relieving them from road or town security duty.

AIR FORCE PERSONNEL will total about 25,000. American pilots now fly two-thirds of all combat missions in Viet Nam, but the U.S.-trained VNAF should be able to handle all preplanned missions by 1972. U.S. airmen, however, will still be needed in case of sudden enemy contacts and to serve as an aerial umbrella for South Viet Nam's cities.

COMBAT SUPPORT TROOPS, including artillery and engineer, medical, and even armored personnel, will remain at a level of 20,000 after the withdrawals have been completed. ARVN artillerymen have shown themselves highly proficient with their American-supplied guns, and should be equal to all government needs by 1972. But more time is required to train technicians for the ARVN's engineer battalions, and U.S. personnel will still be necessary to help staff military field hospitals as the ARVN assumes a heavier military burden and absorbs greater casualties.

LOGISTICS will require another 30,000 Americans. Most will be involved in supplying the remaining U.S. military personnel. The others, mainly air-cargo units and experts in inventory systems and personnel management, will be needed to help the ARVN move supplies that the U.S. has promised to furnish the Saigon government.

ADVISORY PERSONNEL, now numbering nearly 80,000, will be reduced by about half. Most of the cuts will be made at

the lower command levels; instead of being assigned to every ARVN battalion, U.S. advisers will no longer operate below the regiment or brigade level. Wherever possible, major generals will be replaced by brigadier generals, brigadiers by colonels. Their staffs will be reduced accordingly. As South Vietnamese commanders become more confident, the advisers' role will also change, and U.S. personnel attached to South Vietnamese units will become liaison officers coordinating the use of the U.S. support forces remaining.

GREEN BERT strength, now 3,500, is expected to remain unchanged. The Green Berets have been highly successful in organizing the Montagnards and other ethnic minorities, as well as in the conduct of intelligence operations in Laos, Cambodia and North Viet Nam. Their work will take on increased importance as U.S. troops withdraw. Nor is any reduction likely in the 6,200 military and 1,200 civilian personnel who make up the rural-pacification teams now working in province capitals and district towns.

CIVILIAN PERSONNEL will, if anything, increase. The U.S. embassy staff of 270 may be trimmed slightly for budgetary reasons as the U.S. presence in Viet Nam diminishes. But the 900 Americans administering U.S. economic aid and social-welfare projects are likely to need more help as the U.S. provides South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu with the stepped-up material aid he requested at a press conference earlier this month.

Security will continue to be a problem. One solution, as U.S. units grow fewer and smaller, would be to pull as many Americans as possible into coastal enclaves where they could be more easily supplied and protected. Too much isolation from the South Vietnamese, however, would only diminish the effectiveness of the American troops. Whatever is done, the U.S. forces will be uncomfortably dependent upon ARVN to hold and police the countryside. U.S. military planners are frankly uneasy about the situation. Said former Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Warnke, one of the authors of the withdrawal plans: "The nightmare is that suddenly we look up at the DMZ and there they are, saying 'April fool—here we come again.'"

If Warnke's nightmare becomes fact, the U.S. will be faced with an unenviable choice. With its logistical base already established, it can reinforce its troops and recommit itself to another round in a war that many think has gone on too long already. Or it can evacuate all Americans and let South Viet Nam stand or fall alone. Neither alternative is reassuring to Richard Nixon, the man responsible for extricating the U.S. from its longest war.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

"How Did It Go, Spiro?"

When Richard Nixon puts that question to Spiro Agnew this week, the Vice President will be able to give a creditable reply. Returning from his 39,000-mile tour of eleven Asian and Pacific countries, Agnew can report that his first venture into geopolitics went without a major mishap. It was, as billed, a useful educational tour for the man who could some day become President.

One of his final lessons in foreign relations came in Canberra, after a brief rest stop in Bali. In Australia, Agnew encountered a growing national awareness, accompanied by an unwillingness to continue regarding the U.S. as an ideal ally. There is still a strong feeling of friendship, but the recent massacre at My Lai has reinforced local antiwar activists who want withdrawal of the 8,000 Aussie troops now stationed in Viet Nam. As one radio commentator put it: "We are still sacrificing 20-year-olds as an insurance premium to the American alliance."

Asian Affairs. Agnew ignored both the demonstrators and the flurry of press criticism. He stuck to his script and reiterated the so-called Nixon Doctrine. "Despite a great deal of speculation and rumor, we are not withdrawing from Asia and the Pacific. The United States will keep its treaty commitments. Our policy is neither one of gradual withdrawal from Asia nor of unwarranted intervention in Asian affairs. As a Pacific power, we will remain in the Pacific." Both in Australia and New Zealand, Ag-

new's last foreign stop, the Vice President said that the U.S. was committed to the defense of the two countries in the event of an all-out attack.

While Agnew was studiously decorous wherever he traveled, the attending flock of Secret Service men drew some negative reviews. To the Australians, the sight of the Secret Service running alongside Agnew's car through the quiet streets of Canberra looked undignified, even panicky. "These athletic, short-haired, earnest and heavily armed young men," said the Canberra *Times*, "appeared to be possessed by inner fires unknown to the peaceful southern tablelands." As expected, the usual demonstrators were on hand. One threw himself in front of the Vice President's limousine and others burned the U.S. flag, but they were easily contained by local police without the Service's help.

A Bit Fuzzy. Aside from those occasional dust-ups, the Vice President's trip went with programmed efficiency. Not too much was expected of him, and if his explanations of the Nixon Doctrine were at times a bit fuzzy, that was hardly his fault. The Administration seems to have coined a phrase, but is still searching for a policy to define it.

In Agnew's opinion, the most important lesson gained from his trip is the knowledge that what Asian leaders say—and what they think—are often quite different things. "Most general impressions that come out of the Asian governments," said the Vice President last week, "are not as forthcoming as their private consultations." What he meant was that Asian leaders often say publicly that they want Americans out of the area, while privately they encourage Americans to stay. This may have led Agnew to ponder the corollary as well—that Asians sometimes may tell important Americans what they think important Americans want to hear.

PERSONALITY

Holland to Sweden

As an educator, Jerome Heartwell Holland has had considerable experience mediating between radicals and members of the Establishment. As a highly successful black man, he has moved with ease and authority in predominantly white circles. Now Holland will begin exercising his diplomatic skills in another area. In an appointment designed to thaw out Washington's relations with Stockholm, President Nixon last week nominated him to be Ambassador to Sweden.

The diplomatic cold front formed over a year ago when Sweden began granting asylum to U.S. Army deserters and then became the first Western country to grant official recognition to North Viet Nam. The situation was not eased when Premier Olof Palme, then Education Minister, marched in a Stockholm candlelight parade to protest American war policies. The Apollo 11 astronauts' world tour last fall



HOLLAND
To thaw a cold front.

pointedly omitted Sweden, and two months ago, Sweden announced that it would send Hanot \$45 million in reconstruction aid. In reply, the U.S. closed its consulate in Göteborg. More significantly, the U.S. has not had an ambassador in Stockholm since William Heath departed one year ago.

Many Swedes welcomed Holland's appointment, although the newspaper *Expressen* remarked caustically that every time a Swedish journalist asked the State Department for comment, its spokesman cracked, "Sorry, we really couldn't send you Eldridge Cleaver."

Bulging Curriculum. Jerome Holland, 54, is several thousand ideological paces away from any Black Panther in an area of restive black-separatist movements. He is an almost evangelical integrationist with a resonant faith in competitive capitalist economies. Holland calls integration "my philosophy for living, as well as a practical reality. The black man's best hope, Holland believes, lies in education and job training."

Holland takes his stand with the assurance of a man whose curriculum vitae bulges with credentials of worthy, activist moderation. He is chairman of the board of the Planned Parenthood-World Population of Greater New York and a leading member of such organizations as the Red Cross, the United Negro College Fund, the Boy Scouts of America.

Since 1960, Holland, who holds a Ph.D. in sociology, has been president of Virginia's Hampton Institute, a 201-acre waterfront campus occupied by 2,600 students—all but 250 of them black. Holland lives on the edge of the campus in a handsome white colonial house surrounded by magnolia trees. The living room is decorated with African masks and figures, Haitian paintings and other souvenirs of family travels to Africa, the Caribbean, Eastern



AGNEW AT BALI POOL
Ponder the corollary as well.

Europe and even Sweden. Laura Holland is a good match for a college president. She has a master's in psychology from Radcliffe and two years toward a Ph.D. at Harvard and Boston University. The Hollands have two children—Lucy, 14, and Joseph, 13.

Discreet Rhetoric. Dr. Holland likes to be called "Brud," a nickname for "brother" that his sisters hung on him years ago. A husky (230 lbs.) six-footer, he still carries himself with the agility of a man who was twice an All-America end at Cornell and was elected in 1965 to the Football Hall of Fame.

In many ways it is natural that Holland should cherish the path of education. The son of a domestic-gardener-handyman in Auburn, N.Y., he was one of 13 children. He began working for his father at the age of eight and soon learned that schooling was the most available escape from poverty. He worked his way through Cornell with honor grades. Whatever discrimination he suffered, Holland is not anxious to discuss it.

His comments on his new job are so discreet that even he smiles at his easy assumption of striped pants rhetoric. What of U.S.-Swedish relations? "I believe there has traditionally been a backlog of cooperation and friendship between the U.S. and Sweden." He is equally opaque about his politics. "I have studiously avoided telling anyone," he says with a broad smile, "whether I am a Republican, a Democrat or a socialist."

RACES

Upper East Side Story

Many of the 90 guests who gathered in Leonard Bernstein's fashionable Park Avenue apartment had the rudeness of Beautiful People. They came not to gabble, not to glitter, but to listen. Settling down on folding chairs, they attended the guest of honor: Donald Cox, field marshal of the Black Panther Party.

For twelve minutes, Cox, in the Panther regalia of goatee and black turtleneck, preached a party rhetoric mellowed only slightly for the occasion: there were no promises to "kill the pigs." If full employment is not available, Cox explained, "then we must take the means of production and put them in the hands of the people." By "we," Cox did not mean the moneyed liberals in his audience. One of the ladies gasped her dismay that her head might be among the first to roll when the revolution came. "Oh, no," the wife of another Panther reassured her. "You sound as if you're afraid. There's no reason for that."

Elegant Slumming. The salon seminar was the inspiration of a liberal committee organized to defend 21 Black Panthers indicted last April for plotting to kill policemen and dynamite a police station, department stores and a railroad right-of-way. Ten of the suspects are



PANTHER COX LECTURING BERNSTEIN GUESTS
They dug him—absolutely.

being held in \$100,000 bond each. The Panthers note angrily that only one of the three whites arrested for actually setting dynamite charges in Manhattan office buildings in November has bail set that high. The maestro and his wife Felicia, who have long been concerned with civil liberties, agreed to allow friends who were interested to gather at their apartment to hear the Panthers' case. It was not exactly a jury of the Panthers' peers, however. Among the guests were such social notables as the Peter Duchins, Heiress Cynthia Phipps, Mrs. August Heckscher and Mrs. Sidney Lumet.

The New York Times's Charlotte Curtis, whose typewriter can deliver deft malice, was also in the crowd. Next morning she published some ludicrous exchanges—which Bernstein denies—between the field marshal of the pig-hunters and the aesthetic doge of the Upper East Side.

Cox, The resistance put up against us dictates [our] strategy.

Bernstein (lounging in an armchair in tartan slacks): You mean you've got to wing it . . . I dig absolutely.

Old-Fashioned. Before the evening was over, guests scribbled out \$1,000 in checks and pledges as contributions to the defense of the Panther 21. Producer-Director Otto Preminger recoiled when Cox called the U.S. "the most oppressive country in the world," yet he came through with \$1,000, and Bernstein offered the fee for his next concert—a sum he expects to be well into four figures—for the defense cause.

As if the Charlotte Curtis piece were not enough, the Times then published an editorial that accused the "politico-cultural jet set" of indulging in what it called "elegant slumming" and "guilt-ridden fun spiked with social consciousness." Said the Times, "Responsible

black leadership is not likely to cheer as the Beautiful People create a new myth that Black Panther is Beautiful."

That sourness missed at least part of the point. Said Bernstein: "Our meeting was for an extremely serious purpose that has nothing to do with the Panthers. The people at the party cared about civil liberties. People wrote checks because the Panthers' civil liberties were violated." Said Preminger: "I believe in this country and I would fight the Panthers if they tried to destroy it. But if there was discrimination in determining bail, then the people who believe in this country ought to correct the injustice. The New York Times is very old-fashioned—you can quote me."

THE SUPREME COURT

Speeding Desegregation

Southern school districts in increasing numbers are finding it impossible to defy the Federal Government any longer by delaying the desegregation of their classrooms. After 15 years, "never" is becoming "now." Two weeks ago, 28 Mississippi school districts, their legal ammunition expended, bowed to the U.S. Supreme Court's demand for immediate desegregation and ended dual schools. Last week the court ordered 14 more districts serving 293,000 pupils to do the same. In a 6-to-2 decision, it gave districts in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia and Florida until Feb. 1 to desegregate their schools. Dissenting were Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justice Potter Stewart, who favor desegregation but disagreed with the order on procedural grounds.

The Justice Department, which earlier this week announced that it would make every effort to ensure complete desegregation by next fall, has not yet committed itself to enforcing the new court

deadline. But lawyers for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund plan to use the decision to push for immediate desegregation in at least 200 cases now pending before the courts.

The decision could thus prove a source of political embarrassment for the Nixon Administration by hastening the end of public school segregation and stiffening Southern resistance. This could force the Administration, which has been assiduously courting the South, to send federal marshals or even troops to uphold a law its own Justice Department has thus far been noticeably reluctant to administer.

BUREAUCRACY

Winter Housecleaning

The Philadelphia Redevelopment Authority, the city's urban-renewal agency, has a commendable if uncontrollable passion for keeping Philadelphia tidy. When a Licenses and Inspection Department worker recently spied some trash in the backyard of one of the agency's properties, a cleanup order was promptly issued by the authority.

The litter was in the backyard of a dilapidated ten-room house that three college students rent from the authority for \$75 a month. The sanitation crew assigned to the rubbish removal somehow got their instructions mixed up and, in a burst of zeal, cleaned out the inside of the house instead of the grounds. When the students returned last week after the Christmas holidays, they discovered the loss of all their furniture, an expensive camera, three stereo sets, records, books, a guitar, a tape recorder, term papers, research notes and pages of unpublished poetry. What remained untouched was the offending trash in the backyard.

The student—Steve Oden and Lester Perks, seniors at the University of Pennsylvania and Carl O'Donnell of Philadelphia Community College—are now trying to get reimbursed for the losses, which they estimate at \$13,000. The authority is being helpful in its own way. It returned a large pile of torn mattresses, damaged furniture and waterlogged rugs from the city dump. There is no trace of the stereo sets, camera and other valuables that the boys had carefully locked in a separate room of the house.

A spokesman for the authority insists that its crew took nothing of value from the house. The boys claim that they have witnesses who saw the crew removing the valuables the day after the last of the students left. The authority says the place must have been burglarized, but does admit its crew cleaned out the rest of the goods in the house.

It was not Philadelphia's first case of misdirected energy, notes the students' lawyer. Last year, a city agency tore down the historic home of Declaration of Independence signer Dr. Benjamin Rush when they were supposed to raze a building a mile away.

CRIME

Blotter for the First Year

In his campaign for the presidency Richard Nixon touched a responsive chord when he promised voters an all-out war to make the nation's streets safe again. He also found a convenient target in the incumbent Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, who Nixon implied was to blame for much of the soaring crime rate. "If we are to restore respect for law in this country," Candidate Nixon told cheering Republicans in 1968, "there is one place we are going to begin. We are going to have a new Attorney General."

That new Attorney General was dour John Mitchell. His message was soon clear: less permissiveness and more punishment in federal law enforcement. In stead of Clark's philosophizing on individual rights, the nation would have aggressive prosecution of offenders. Whereas Clark had felt that his department should be concerned as much with social justice as with law enforcement, Mitchell took a narrower view of his job—simply as a lawyer for the Government. Clark was dismissed by Mitchell's deputy, Richard Kleindienst, as "a sociologist, not an aggressive prosecutor." Said Kleindienst condescendingly: "He would have been better at I.E.W."

Watchdogs and Guards. After a year in office, how does the new Administration's police blotter look? While Nixon and Mitchell have made some notable efforts against organized crime and drug traffic, they have discovered that crime in the streets is no respecter of party. Violent crimes are more numerous than ever. Nationwide, they jumped 12% during Nixon's first nine months

in office—faster than the 85% rise in eight years under the Democrats. Forcible rape was up 17%, robbery 15%, murder and aggravated assault 9%.

Each day brings more new evidence that the U.S. urban dweller conducts his life as though in an armed camp. In New York last week, a court ruled that a woman tenant could keep a watchdog in her apartment, in violation of her lease, because of "the present circumstances of rampant crime." Schools around the U.S. have been hiring guards to protect students. In Washington, D.C., a 15-year-old junior high school student was shot to death recently in his school by a classmate.

Largely Hyperbole. It is the nation's capital, in fact, that supplies the most embarrassing evidence of the Administration's inability to curtail crime. The federal city is the one area where the Government can put its precepts directly to work. Yet in the first ten months after Nixon took office, serious crimes in the capital rose 29% over the previous year. The Administration has submitted to Congress an ambitious anticrime package for Washington, but its key provision is preventive detention of potentially dangerous defendants, a concept of such dubious constitutionality that even law-and-order conservatives are reluctant to endorse it.

Elsewhere Mitchell has authorized wider use of wiretaps, ordered federal prosecutors not to concede a case simply because a suspect received inadequate warning against self-incrimination, and allocated \$236 million to finance a new program to help localities fight crime. So far, his tactics have not paid off.

The main reason is that there is very



COPS FRISK HOLD-UP SUSPECTS IN NEW YORK
Living in an armed camp.

little the Federal Government—under Republicans or Democrats—can do about the problem. Police powers belong to the states and they have jealously protected those prerogatives from federal incursions. Nixon's campaign comments were largely hyperbole, of the same ilk as John Kennedy's "missile gap" alarms of 1960. Mitchell admitted as much when he first met Clark at a cocktail party after the election and apologized for the personal campaign attacks. They were made, said Mitchell, only to personalize the crime issue.

Bailing Out. Ramsey Clark accepted the apology as part of politics, but he does not accept continuing law-and-order rhetoric now that Nixon and Mitchell are in office. He believes that loose promises delude people into thinking something is being done about crime while the real troubles, such as unemployment, housing and education, are ignored. "Law enforcement can only deal with the symptoms of crime," Clark says. "It's like bailing out the basement without turning off the water."

Indictments for Two

There was a time when they were familiar figures around official Washington; but neither Dr. Martin Sweig nor Attorney Nathan Voloshen has been seen around much lately. Sweig, administrative assistant to House Speaker John W. McCormack for 24 years, was suspended from his \$36,000 job after he was linked with the shadowy, 71-year-old Voloshen in an investigation of high-level influence peddling. Voloshen went quietly underground.

Last week the pair made an enforced public appearance in New York. Stolidly avoiding looking at each other they appeared before Judge Edward McLean in federal district court. There they pleaded innocent to charges that they had used the Speaker's name and position to defraud the Government.

Special Favors. The charges stem from a seven-month investigation during which more than 100 witnesses were heard and a deposition taken from McCormack himself. Sweig and Voloshen are accused of improperly using the office, telephone, secretarial staff and good will of Speaker McCormack to secure fees, some as high as \$50,000, from people with matters pending before various Government agencies. According to the indictments, Sweig and Voloshen used the power and prestige of McCormack's office to seek reduced sentences for convicted racketeers, to try to persuade the Securities and Exchange Commission to lift the suspension on the trading of Parvin/Dohrmann Co. stock, to influence a tax-exemption case, and to appeal for special favors for a firearms company. In addition, both men are charged with perjuring themselves before the grand jury by denying that they knew several of the people on whose behalf their influence was exerted.

Handed up earlier in the week by a

federal grand jury, the Sweig-Voloshen indictments were a fitting climax to the nine-year career of U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau, who left office last week after objecting unsuccessfully to the Nixon Administration's attempt to relieve him of his job. Now the case may become a source of embarrassment to Morgenthau's successor, Republican Whitney North Seymour. Continuing investigations into Voloshen's actions in another matter could involve some prominent members of the G O P.

Vindication. Beyond reminding questioners that both men must be presumed innocent unless and until they are convicted, Speaker McCormack has thus far declined comment on the plight of his former assistant and friend. He has also strongly denied knowledge of the pair's activities or any wrongdoing.



ACCUSED FIXER VOLOSHEN
Not seen around much lately.

on his own part, and has received support from Morgenthau, who took care last week to emphasize that the Speaker was not a subject of his recent investigation. Still, McCormack feels that his image has been tarnished and plans to seek vindication through re-election as a Congressman and as Speaker.

His prospects are good. McCormack is assured the support of his South Boston constituents. Nor are his Democratic colleagues in the House likely to deny him the leadership position he has held since 1962. Though the party's liberals, who failed in their attempt to replace him in 1968, still hope to oust him from the speakership, Southerners and old-line Democrats want McCormack to stay. And they, not the Young Turks, constitute a Democratic majority.

Oklahoma 1970:

Most Americans still think of the Oklahoma Dust Bowl and the Okies who left it, in the bleak terms of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. The long drought of the 1930s scared the land, while recurring winds whirled away the topsoil and black blizzards choked crops and cattle. During that decade, more than 350,000 farmers fled the state, leaving a legacy of deserted homes, barren lands and bitter people. In recent years the Dust Bowl has changed dramatically. TIME Correspondent David DeVoss, who revisited the region, tells how and why in this report.

ON nights when subfreezing winds knife through the empty streets of Beaver and Boise City, "those who stayed" sometimes still hear the ghostly whimpers of thirsty children and the plaintive bleats of dying calves. Yet today Steinbeck's crucible of dust and storm is a wild and beautiful country, made fertile by deep-well irrigation. Clean, brisk air, coming more in waves than gusts, buffets the winter wheat and corn that thrust above the occasional snows and seem to sway in time to the thumping of the irrigation pumps. Everywhere a new spirit of enthusiasm and industry is at work. It is felt in Guyton (pop. 6,000), a feed-lot and meat-packing center that is already siphoning business away from Kansas City. There are still trailers here; now they are filled not with migrants but with expectant property owners awaiting completion of their \$60,000 houses.

Good Life and Do-Gooders. At Weatherford (pop. 6,000), on the lip of the red-soil belt, small frame houses have given way to sprawling ranch-style spreads inhabited by workers in new industries. "Our salaries are low by Northern standards," concedes Ed Berrong, an insurance man and a state senator. "But we just live a good life—until the do-gooders come down here from Washington and tell us we're poverty-stricken." In Okemah (pop. 2,900), an electronics plant provides a \$30,000 monthly payroll, and merchants have responded with a modern Ben Franklin variety store and a new furniture shop. The plant manager applauds the recreational value of country living for his employees, the economics of low rents and wages for his company. Between the towns of Thomas and Putnam, the huge grain elevators of the McNeill Grain Co. reach toward the cloudless sky like a concrete callosities. The early morning sun, filtered through the wheat, gives the highway an eerie brownish-golden cast. One almost expects to see Dorothy and her four friends following the "yellow brick road" westward to the Emerald City.

Unlike most small towns in much of the South and Southwest, the rural communities of Oklahoma are booming, and it is there that most of the state's 2,600,-

The Dust Bowl of the '30s Revisited



000 residents live, labor and die. Most of the inhabitants are newly prosperous, conservative and white. These modern-day Okies believe in such old-fashioned values as work, initiative and pragmatism. They fear unions and blacks—and have been highly successful in excluding both. Organized labor is weak; the state's 163,000 blacks have no political influence, and even the 180,000 Indians are disorganized and ignored.

Fortunes and Misfortune. This does not mean that all white Oklahomans enjoy the good life. The small farmer's existence is marginal, many must hold other jobs to feed their families. Near Balko, where his grandfather settled in 1907, Travis Boston, 39, figures that he may be the last of his family to cling to farming. He owns 320 acres and leases an equal amount of land to raise wheat and graze his 40 head of cattle but he has to operate a Phillips 66 gas station as well. He needs more acreage if he is to make farming profitable, but claims that the banks will not lend him any money, while "doctors and lawyers buy the land at inflated prices for tax write-offs."

Some of Oklahoma's present fortunes were made off the misfortune of earlier Okies. In the Dust Bowl days, recalls Rancher Ross Labrier, "the small ranchers who had about 160 acres fled first. Those who didn't leave joined the WPA. We bought the repossessed lands from the bank." Near Kenton, Labrier bought up land at \$15 an acre. He now owns 23,000 acres valued at \$2,300,000 and has 400 cattle.

Aquatic Paradise. The key to the Dust Bowl's transformation is the recent availability and control of water. It was always there, but it either lay inaccessible 500 feet below the surface or turned to torrents in destructive floods. The answer to both problems was dams. Senator Mike Monroney championed the ranchers in the western part of the state who wanted small reservoirs for their dry-land irrigation. Until his death in 1963, Senator Robert S. Kerr lobbied for large flood-control dams in the river-ravaged east. As Monroney recently explained it: "We incorporated the little-dam program into the big-dam program to create the best dam program in the Senate."

Mainly through Kerr's Washington influence, the eastern part of the state has been transformed from dusty scrub land into an aquatic paradise. Its 679 square miles of water make its ratio of water to land higher than Minnesota's. The Oologah, Pensacola and Eufaula reservoirs are immense. Keystone, Heyburn, Thunderbird, Hulah—the lakes multiply as fast as Senate bills. Atoka, Fort Gibson, Markham Ferry, Tenkiller Ferry, Wister; the new recreational waters created by dams abound with boats,

water skiers and fishermen. They also mean more tourists and more money.

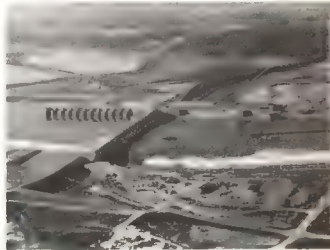
There is still more water to come. Kerr's last big project—linking the Arkansas, Verdigris and Mississippi rivers with the Gulf of Mexico by means of 17 locks and 27 reservoirs—will make Tulsa a seaport. Covering 450 miles and costing \$1.3 billion, the project is the largest ever undertaken by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. It is expected to add 36,000 jobs to the Tulsa area, help the city on its way to becoming one of the most attractive in the Southwest, and sharply increase land values. The port of Catoosa (pop 906), 750 river miles inland, already enjoys a parade of new mercantile buildings along U.S. 66, the route over which the Goad family (changed to Joad by Steinbeck in his book) made its westward flight.

Rural Relocation. Now the movement is into, rather than away from Oklahoma. Escaping metropolitan racial problems and physical decay, residents elsewhere are responding to Governor Dewey Bartlett's notion of rural relocation for both industry and individuals. Since his election as Governor in 1966, Republican Bartlett has made his pitch personally to 106 presidents of the nation's top 500 companies, calculates that he has attracted \$422 million worth of new industry and 26,300 jobs. He has even mailed 58,000 letters to former Oklahomans, inviting them to return to the state. Some 11,000 have expressed an interest.

"This is God's country," says Sallisaw Methodist Minister Don Williams, "and I ought to know." Adds one Sallisaw native: "Every time they have an earthquake or a hippie rebellion in California, another handful of Okies comes back home." That mixture of parochial pride and disdain for urban problems elsewhere may yet make Oklahoma one of the last bastions of white, middle-class American society.



OKLAHOMA DUST CLOUD IN 1935



ARKANSAS RIVER DAM TODAY

With a ratio of water to land higher than Minnesota's.

THE WORLD

The Secession that Failed

THE five hollow-eyed travelers who stepped warily from a Nigerian Airways plane at Lagos Airport one night last week had the fugitive look of men on the run. They were driven to the Federal Palace Hotel through deserted streets heavy with the stifling heat of Africa's dry season. Next morning, after a fitful sleep, they were escorted to the Dodan military barracks in a suburb of the Nigerian capital. There, in the first formal surrender ceremonies to end a military conflict since World War II, Biafra's Major General Philip Effiong signed a document ending the bitter 31-month civil war that has raged between Nigeria and its breakaway Eastern Region.

Said Effiong, in a simple act of fealty to Major General Yakubu Gowon, Nigeria's head of state and commander of its armed forces: "We are firm we are loyal Nigerian citizens, and we accept the authority of the Federal Military Government of Nigeria. The Republic of Biafra ceases to exist." His voice sounded tired. When he finished, Gowon embraced him.

Biafra had ceased to exist two days before Effiong's formal surrender. With federal troops advancing on all fronts, General Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu, 36, Biafra's leader, realized that he had lost. With his family, three aides, three tons of luggage and his white Mercedes-Benz staff car, Ojukwu caught one of the last flights out of the beleaguered airstrip at Uli. The refugees were loaded aboard a Superconstellation that took off for a destination that had still not been disclosed a full week later. Various reports placed Ojukwu in Libreville, capital of Gabon, and the Ivory Coast. His flight left Effiong in

command of a crumbling region, desperately short of food and medicine and totally shorn of the will to continue its doomed rebellion.

The conflict that ended with stunning swiftness was the first big modern war waged in Black Africa since the continent's colonies began receiving their independence. It was also one of the most devastating civil wars in modern history. At the outset, Biafra's people numbered 12 million—about two-thirds of them Ibo, the rest belonging to minority tribes (as does Effiong, who is an Ibibio). The secessionist territory covered nearly 30,000 sq. mi. and included some of Nigeria's richest land. At the close of the war, 3,500,000 people were squeezed into a devastated area of 1,500 sq. mi. As many as 2,000,000 Biafrans, many of them children, had perished. The great majority had cruelly and slowly starved to death. Another 1,250,000 Biafrans, reduced to skeletons for lack of food, may die before aid can reach them—even though at least 24,000 tons of food, enough to feed 4,000,000 people for a month, is stockpiled not far from the war zone.

Silent Vultures

In the end, it was hunger that probably did most to defeat Biafra's long-suffering defenders. On orders from Ojukwu, ammunition enjoyed priority over food shipments to Uli. Consequently, his troops had ample ammo in the war's last days, but they had been eating so poorly throughout the autumn that they simply lacked the strength to fight. Under intense pressure from federal forces, Biafra's two best divisions crumbled. The Nigerians sliced the rebel territory in two.

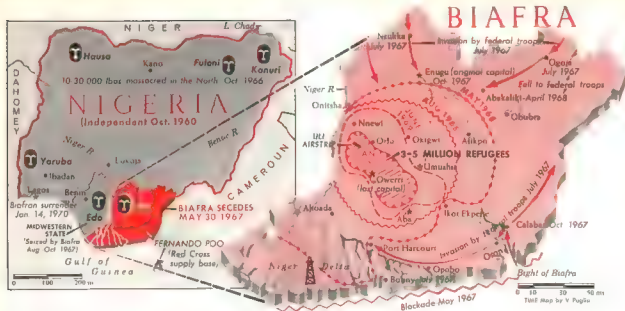
The thrusting Nigerian advance created havoc. Biafran civilians piled pots, pans, clothing, radios and washbasins atop their heads and fled before the federal troops. One priest who flew out shortly afterward saw evacuees from a Biafran hospital hobbling down a road with intravenous needles still stuck in their arms and glucose bottles held aloft so the fluid could drip down. "The roads were choked with people," another priest recalled. "I could see terror in their faces." The exodus reminded him of an Ibo proverb: "A man who is running for his life never gets tired." But some did; they sat down along the road and never rose. Then the vultures swooped in, swiftly and silently.

The Nigerians were less affected. Even so, in addition to battle casualties their economy was battered by a war that at its climax was costing the government \$1,000,000 a day. "There are no victors in a civil war," B. A. Clark, the Deputy Secretary for Nigeria's External Affairs Ministry, said sadly last week. "Not when the people you have been fighting were classmates or your friends or the man that used to work at the next desk or maybe even your cousin. All wars are bad, but civil wars are hideous."

Compounding the horror of Biafra was the moral ambiguity that enveloped it from the first. Great powers and small became involved in the conflict, frequently for questionable reasons. The Soviet Union, eager to regain a foothold in Black Africa, delivered arms to help crush a rebellion that Moscow would, in another context, have hastened to hail as a "just war of national liberation." Britain, worried about African balkanization, Soviet influence and



NIGERIAN TROOPERS RUNNING ALONG ULI AIRSTRIP
Infuriated by the Ibo drive and arrogance.



its own oil interests, supplied weapons to the Nigerians. The British were also concerned with preserving a state that its colonial officers had nursed to nationhood.

France's Charles de Gaulle, fearful that a too powerful Nigeria would serve as an irresistible example for such former French colonies as Niger and Chad, backed the Biafrans, he might also have been hoping that a secessionist victory would give France a crack at the immense oil reserves in the Niger Delta. The Biafrans were also supported by South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal, all obviously interested in preventing a united Nigeria from realizing its potential as the most powerful state in all of Black Africa. Black-ruled African nations, worried about the effect of the rebellion on their own disparate tribes (see box following page), were overwhelmingly pro-Nigeria. Officially, the U.S. took no sides, but it irritated the Nigerian government by undertaking an airlift of public and private food supplies to keep Biafrans alive.

The Uses of Starvation

In the end, it was difficult if not impossible for an impartial observer to support either side without reservation. Those who rejected Biafra's secession as a perilous example for the rest of Africa were nonetheless appalled by the widespread misery and starvation inflicted on its people. Those who saw Biafra's breakaway as an unexceptionable attempt to achieve self-determination found it difficult to explain why the Ijaws, Efiks, Ibibios and other minorities under Ojukwu's rule seemed so unhappy—or why Ojukwu, in the early days of the war, tried to seize territory with non-Ibo majorities. In the long months of hickering over how relief supplies should be distributed to the starving women and children of Biafra, neither Gowon

nor Ojukwu looked good. Gowon was accused of using starvation as a weapon to force Biafra into submission, Ojukwu of using it as a public-relations gimmick to win sympathy for his people. In retrospect, it is difficult to refute either charge completely.

Blood Money

During the chaotic days of Biafra's collapse and surrender, many nations and international organizations moved hastily in an effort to repair the damage and help the victims. In Washington, for example, President Nixon used the White House hot line twice last week to talk to Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson about aiding the defeated rebels. The East Bloc countries, however, withheld compassion. The Polish press insisted that Western relief activities were "gross interference in Nigeria's internal affairs."



NIGERIA'S YAKUBU GOWON
Victory is not necessarily success.

Gowon seemed to agree. To punish those who had aided Biafra during the war, he barred any aid from several agencies and nations. "Let them keep their blood money," he declared angrily. "Let them keep their bloody relief supplies." Nigeria's chief was particularly annoyed with Pope Paul VI, who told a crowd in St. Peter's Square that "the victory of arms may carry with it the killing of numberless people. There are those who actually fear a kind of genocide." Gowon, whose tactics for three years have been designed to limit casualties, bristled at the reference to "genocide." In the streets of Lagos, student demonstrators appeared with placards recommending the HOTTEST PARTS OF HELL FOR THE POPE.

Misguided Chauvinism

Judging by initial reports from the collapsed Biafran pocket, the sword of genocide was a lesser threat than the strangling knot of slow starvation. Some Biafrans, according to relief workers, had not eaten for eight days before the capitulation. Afterward, they fled into the bush, where there was nothing to chew on but butterflies. Even so, Gowon allowed no aid without approval from Lagos. "Nigeria will do this itself," he said firmly.

Despite what appears to be misguided chauvinism on the relief issue, Gowon seemed prepared to behave as a generous victor in other respects. To the Ibos in general, he said: "We know that most of you were dragged into this May I welcome you back into the fold?" The general called for three days of prayer and pleaded with the remainder of Nigeria's 53 million people not to reject the Ibo rebels. "Let us join hands to build a truly united and great nation," he said.

His forgiveness, however, was withheld from one Biafran. Referring to Oju-

kwu during an interview with Britain's Independent Television News. Gowon fairly gloated. "How are the mighty fallen and in such a cowardly way! He added: 'I hope his conscience will allow him to rest. God knows! Will those who have supported Ojukwu allow him to get away with what he's done—to his people, to Nigeria, to Africa?'"

What Ojukwu's secession has done to Nigeria and the continent at large may not be immediately apparent. But its impact on his people is already clear. The Ibos, who once predominated in Biafra, may never completely regain the

elite position in Nigeria they held before the war. Astute, aggressive and generally well educated, the Ibos were called the "Jews of Africa" by envious neighbors long before independence, though most are in fact Catholics.

The Ibos are bright, industrious and crafty. Ojukwu's father, for example, parlayed one battered truck into a transportation empire, a knighthood from Britain and enough money to send his son to preparatory school at Epsom and college at Oxford. Other Ibos, spreading out from their homeland in the Eastern Region of Nigeria, became

tradesmen, technicians, professionals and civil servants. Like the Jews of Central Europe, the Chinese in a host of Asian countries, and the Indians in East Africa, they tended to dominate commerce and culture while living among strangers. They infuriated other tribes by their drive and arrogance, and by passing along jobs and other plums to fellow Ibos.

In January 1966, Ibo officers, restless under the North's domination of the army and government, precipitated a crisis. In a military coup, they took over the government and assassinated Sir

Africa's Divided House

It has become something of a cliché to note that Biafra's rebellion confronted Nigeria with the same issue that the U.S. faced when the South seceded more than a century ago. The great difference is that the American Civil War had few immediate repercussions outside the U.S.: Nigeria's conflict is certain to strike resonant chords across the continent of Africa for decades to come.

At its present stage of development, Black Africa is gripped by primeval tribal loyalties that stand in the way of nation building. Had the Ibo secession worked, some of Africa's 6,000 other tribal groups would undoubtedly have been encouraged to seek independence, setting back the process of political modernization indefinitely. Conversely, the victory of the central government may strengthen the forces that hope to create strong federal systems in Africa.

Though each African country has its own unique problems, all share the common difficulty of tribalism. Education and industrialization are gradually creating a more sophisticated urban class. Nevertheless, most Black Africans retain such intense allegiance to their tribes that they actively distrust most outsiders. That attitude breeds tribal nepotism within governments, fosters rivalries and often leads to bloodshed.

Black Africa's tribal problems have only been intensified by the borders that it inherited from its onetime colonial masters. Europe's 19th century exploiters fashioned frontiers that afforded them the greatest prestige and economic gain. They frequently cut tribes or peoples in two—or sometimes three. One legacy of colonial mappmaking can be found in East Africa, where Somalia claims parts of Kenya and Ethiopia because of the large numbers of Somalis in those countries.

Even for countries without border problems, the very welter of tribes in most of Africa's new nations presents a formidable problem. In Tanzania, for example, there are 120 tribal groups speaking at least as many distinct languages. Yet many African countries may be better off with many small, weak tribes

than with a few strong rival groups. In the early '60s in Rwanda, the squat Bahutu literally cut the tall, stately Watutsi down to size by whacking their legs off. Thus ended the age-old Watutsi hegemony over the Bahutu. Two smoldering guerrilla wars are ethnic in origin. Black Africans are pitted against lighter-skinned Arabs in the Sudan and Chad. A tense situation that has led to riots and gunplay but not war exists in



IBO TRIBESMEN AT YAM FESTIVAL

Kenya, where Luo resentment runs high against the more numerous Kikuyu.

The most extreme proponents of secession argue that the present African states are creatures of colonialism and should be dissolved. New nations, based on tribal boundaries, they insist, would be truly legitimate political entities. Such countries, so the argument goes, would be free of the civil strife and rivalries that now plague the continent.

But they would also be extremely weak—which may be one reason why South Africa, concerned about Nigeria's

potential strength, supported Biafra. Secession, moreover, would lead to the further balkanization of Black Africa, where many of the countries such as Gabon (pop. 480,000) and Swaziland (pop. 395,000) are already far too small to function as working national economies. Furthermore, attempts at reviving Black Africa's map would undoubtedly plunge the continent into the same sort of bloody border wars that plagued South America in the 19th century. In its founding meeting in 1963, the 41-nation Organization of African Unity adopted in principle the concept that the borders should remain as they are. As Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere said, "Our boundaries are so absurd that they must be regarded as sacrosanct." By the same token, the O.A.U. has also condemned secessionist movements. Only four member nations recognized Biafra: two of them, Tanzania and Zambia, did so only as an unsuccessful ploy to facilitate a negotiated settlement of the conflict.

One immediate effect of the failure of the Biafran secession was that when representatives of ten French-speaking countries of West and Central Africa met last week in Yaoundé, the capital of Cameroon, they promptly patched up their differences. They had fallen out after Gabon's President Albert-Bernard Bongo and the Ivory Coast's Félix Houphouët-Boigny recognized Biafra. The specter of the beaten Biafrans is likely to serve as a warning to secessionist leaders elsewhere in Africa. It may also embolden national governments to crack down more swiftly and effectively on breakaway elements.

Still, as long as Africa remains afflicted by tribalism and mired in economic difficulties, secessionist movements cannot be ruled out. And what about Nigeria? One pessimistic and probably exaggerated view is that the only thing holding Nigeria together has been the war against the Ibos. Less exaggerated, unfortunately, is speculation that an end of hostilities could be followed by trouble from another of the country's major tribes, the restive Yorubas of Western Nigeria.

Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Nigeria's Moslem Prime Minister. They also killed the Sardauna of Sokoto, the most respected emir in the North, and a score of Northern officers. Seven months later, avenging Northern officers staged a counter coup, killing some hundreds of high-ranking Ibo army men. Emboldened the Moslem Hausas of the North launched a pogrom against Ibos. Crowds descended on the *sabon garris* (strangers' quarters), where the Ibos lived. In a frenzy of murder and rape, they killed as many as 30,000. Frightened Ibos by the millions retreated hastily into the sanctuary of their homeland.

Though the counter coup restored power to the Hausas, their choice to lead the government was Yakubu Gowon who is both a Christian and a member of a minority tribe (see box following page). Gowon tried to stop the pogroms. At the same time, he firmly limited Ibo power by regrouping Nigeria's four regions (North, East, West and Midwest) into twelve smaller units. The Ibo East was gerrymandered into three states, two of which had non-Ibo majorities. The move also deprived the Ibos of control over much of the oil that was making Nigeria rich. Ojukwu, who at the time was Military Governor of the Eastern Region, defied Gowon. On May 30, 1967, at a champagne party in the Eastern capital of Enugu, he announced the creation of the state of Biafra, which drew its name from the bay off the Atlantic Ocean that cuts into the Nigerian coast. The proud Ibos composed a national anthem—"Land of the rising sun we love and cherish, beloved home, land of brave heroes"—and dug in to defend their homeland.

Senseless Tragedy

Ojukwu badly wanted recognition from other African nations, but only four—Gabon, Ivory Coast, Tanzania and Zambia—obliged him. Outside Africa, support was even harder to find. In August 1968, at Charles de Gaulle's instigation, the French government announced that "the present conflict must be resolved on the basis of the right of people to govern themselves." But France never formally recognized Biafra while supplying it for war. During the 1968 U.S. presidential campaign, Richard Nixon urged Washington to "speak out against this senseless tragedy and act to prevent the destruction of a whole people by starvation." Ojukwu looked on the speech as a sign that Nixon would reverse U.S. policy and recognize Biafra. When Nixon did not come through, Ojukwu concluded that the new President had merely been scratching around for headlines.

The only other nation that recognized Biafra during its short lifetime was Haiti. TIME Correspondent James Wilde recalls that officials there dissolved into laughter when Ojukwu read them the cable signed "President for Life Duvalier." They began to chant in derision, "President for Life, President for



REFUGEES IN NORTHEAST BIAFRA



SELLING COOKED RAT & LIZARDS



CHILD'S CORPSE AT RELIEF HOSPITAL
More afraid of the knot than the sword

Life." Champagne was broken out, and the group got gloriously drunk toasting Haiti's President for Life.

At the outset, Biafra fared well militarily. Ibos had been the backbone of the Nigerian army; their departure for home after the 1967 pogrom deprived Gowon of half his officer corps and three-quarters of the army's administrative force. Gowon had to replace the secessionists while building his army from a peacetime force of only 7,000 to an eventual total of 180,000. Five weeks passed before Gowon proceeded cautiously to battle by dispatching eight battalions against Biafra. The results were discouraging. Nigerian soldiers refused to fight at night because they were afraid of *ju-ju* (evil spirits). Regardless of the size of the force opposing them, they would not advance more than a mile at a time without laying down an artillery barrage. Ojukwu meanwhile, was building his army to a high of 40,000.

The Biafrans made the first important moves of the war. Boiling out of their enclave, they captured Benin, capital of the neighboring Midwest. By early 1968, however, the difference in troop strength began to be felt. Federal forces won one of the most important battles of the war by taking the key shipping center of Calabar and Port Harcourt, with its airport, harbor and oil installations. For the remainder of the fight, Biafra was a landlocked island. Apart from radios, its sole contact with the world was a 75-ft.-wide strip of highway at Uli that had been converted into an airstrip with the code name Annabelle.

"Genocide" at Uli

Cut off from the sea, Ojukwu faced an overwhelming problem: how to feed a nation of 7,000,000 by air. A consortium of Catholic and Protestant relief agencies organized an air force of lumbering four-engine propeller airplanes to supply Biafra despite protests from Gowon that they were prolonging the war and violating Nigerian airspace.

The well-paid Western pilots who flew into Uli for relief agencies did so at night to avoid marauding MIG-17s and Ilyushin-28 bombers, supplied to Nigeria by the Russians and flown by Egyptian pilots. Food planes from the Portuguese island of São Tomé, Red Cross flights and gunrunners from Ithreville in Gabon circled over the airstrip only briefly, then dropped swiftly through the African darkness for bumpy landings during the ten seconds in which the runway lights were flipped on by a camouflaged control tower. A Nigerian night fighter nicknamed "Genocide" tried to pick them off as they landed; occasionally he was successful. All told, ten cargo planes were shot down or crashed during the 31 months of the war and 25 crewmen were killed. Many are buried in a neat churchyard near Uli.

The planes that ducked into Uli carried either food or ammunition, any-

General Gowon: The Binder of Wounds

WHEN A U.S. diplomat called on Major General Yakubu ("Jack") Gowon last week, he noticed a well-thumbed volume of Carl Sandburg's biography of Abraham Lincoln on the desk of Nigeria's 35-year-old military leader. Gowon had apparently read it carefully. He quoted Lincoln on the problem of "binding up the nation's wounds" and the need to ensure that "the dead shall not have died in vain." Throughout Nigeria's civil war, Gowon operated on the Lincolnian proposition that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." In the process, he became quite a Lincoln scholar; he once remarked that he had got so that he could recognize the Grants and Shermans among his own commanders.

A spit-and-polish product of Britain's Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, Gowon is sometimes dismissed as "Jack the Boy Scout" in Lagos diplomatic circles. He neither smokes nor drinks, keeps his 5-ft. 10-in. frame trim at 140 lbs. by playing squash or polo every day, and laces his conversation with such mission-school phrases as "goodness me." He once apologized to newsmen for saying "hell" and added, "I forgot that I am a soldier." When asked how he hoped to be remembered for his conduct of the war, he replied, "I want to feel that I played my part like a good sportsman."

The Boy Scout nickname does a disservice to the man. Gowon was at once tough enough and shrewd enough to win an ugly civil war without splintering what was left of the fragile Nigerian coalition. At a time when hardliners within his government were urging a more ruthless prosecution of the war, Gowon told them, "We have no enemy, the Ibos are not our enemy." Looking to war's end and the problem of reintegrating the Ibos, he ordered his government to collect rent on Ibo-owned property outside the breakaway area and keep the money in trust for its owners. "I swear to you," he told reporters recently, "there will be no genocide, no settling of old scores, no punishments."

Whether Gowon will be able to restrain the tribal hatred and blood-red vindictiveness of his army and his people remains to be seen. Few observers question the sincerity of his intentions. They see him as a reluctant leader who nurses a nostalgia for the private life he has left behind. "I should be doing all the things young men of my age are doing," he once said. "Instead, here I am in this prison. Honestly, this is a prison." The leadership of his stricken country was thrust upon him suddenly, almost by accident, in July 1966. He was chosen largely because he could be trusted, had no known enemies and be-

longed to a minor tribe. In other words, he was acceptable to all.

Reserved and modest, Gowon (the name, pronounced "go on," means "maker of rain") is an odd hybrid in Nigerian life. A Northerner, he comes from the tiny Angas tribe. He is the son of a Methodist evangelist who managed to send all eleven of his children to mission school. Graduated from Sandhurst in 1954, Gowon later served with the United Nations peace-keeping forces in the Congo. He had just returned from an advanced military course in Britain when the Ibos staged their bloody coup of January 1966. Gowon's life may well have been saved that night because an Ibo girl friend sheltered him in her home. A dozen of his closest army friends were slain. "The army was one happy family," he said. "But the trust and confidence we had was gone from that day." Six months later, a Northern counter-coup thrust him into power.

During his three years in office, Gowon has refused to occupy the sprawling State Palace. He prefers a two-story house in the Dodan barracks, the army's main garrison in Lagos, where he lives with his wife Victoria, a former nurse whom he married last April. From a small, bare barracks office, he administers the affairs of Africa's largest nation. He has rarely visited the war front. Instead he has directed operations from the same office, relying heavily on a radio and six telephones.

Gowon has said repeatedly that he intends to return Nigeria to civilian rule. Last week he reaffirmed his promise that as soon as reconstruction is under way, he will call a constituent assembly to consider an overhaul of the country's political structure. Whether Nigeria will then follow the lead of Ghana, where a military junta stepped aside for a civilian government, or the pattern of the Congo, where General Joseph Mobutu turned himself into an autocratic president, remains to be seen. Observers have long noted that Gowon sometimes seems to be dominated by such strong personalities in his government as Chief Anthony Enahoro, the Information and Labor Minister, and Chief Obafemi Awolowo, Vice Chairman of the Federal Executive Council. But Gowon, already popular, was notably strengthened by last week's victory. Moreover, he is an attractive figure, and unlike many of his country's former leaders, he bears no taint whatever of corruption. "I have no political ambitions," Gowon said last week. "Do I look like a politician?" To many Nigerians, not to mention other Africans, he is looking more and more like one. It may well be that his return to the barracks will be indefinitely delayed.

thing else that Biafrans needed was put together from supplies on hand. A resourceful government agency known as the Research and Production Directorate was staffed with Ph.D.s educated in U.S. and British universities. They dreamed up portable oil refineries, home-made antitank rockets, drugs and a highly effective land mine made from cooking utensils and christened "the Ojukwu kettle." Nothing went to waste. One visitor to the hungry country grimly realized that he had seen neither a rat nor a dog anywhere.

Last year, with fresh troops and new supplies, Ojukwu briefly went over to the offensive. By August, seven-eighths of Biafra's former territory had been recovered, including Owerri, where 1,900 Nigerian troops were killed. But the optimism created by such military feats was soon dimmed by the specter of renewed starvation. In parts of Biafra's enclave two-thirds of the population suffered from malnutrition. As many as 1,000 children died in a single day; they were buried at night by lamplight in mass graves.

The Code of Kipling

Crippled ex-soldiers roamed from feeding station to feeding station, begging scraps. An Irish nun recalled last week that "two of the poor lost souls dropped dead from hunger right where the children were finishing their one real meal of the week." Remembered Father Kevin Doherty of his parish at Okpalala: "We'd get some kids back to what seemed like perfect health. They'd be playing around the parish grounds, then suddenly one of them would drop dead. Their hearts had been softened and weakened by starvation." Hunger on the ground was soon compounded by terror from the air as the Nigerians stepped up daylight attacks on markets and other civilian centers. "One of our nuns was killed in September," says Father Doherty. "A MIG fighter made two passes, strafing her as she walked along the road."

With pressure increasing on his weakened troops, Ojukwu might better have shifted to guerrilla warfare. But the Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School graduate did not choose to make the change. The general was a prisoner of classic British tactics. His outgunned, under-strength soldiers were mowed down in pointless mass attacks. "If he had read Mao rather than General Sir Douglas Haig, he might have won," wrote Correspondent Wilde. "In fact, it was the code of Kipling that influenced the conduct of the war on both sides. Until the very end, Effiong looked like a British staff general—a polished Sam Browne belt, a sword for ceremonial occasions and a chauffeur driven, khaki-colored English Humber car bearing a general's flag. His officers were similarly indoctrinated—mustaches, swagger sticks, batmen, officers' messes."

As the situation deteriorated, Biafra's "land of brave heroes" looked less and

less desirable to its citizens. Many of them deserted through gaps in the battleline to take their chances with the Nigerians. By the end of the war, there were more Ibos living outside Biafra than inside. Many of them went to work for the central government, reinforcing Gowon's claim that the battle with Biafra was not a tribal war at all but one of jurisdiction. Ibos now preside over the Nigerian national railways, the electricity commission and the federal manpower commission. The most prominent Ibo is probably Nnamdi Azikiwe, Nigeria's first President, who sided with Ojukwu at the beginning and then went over to Gowon because he thought the war had become futile. Azikiwe, who has been living in London, returned home last week to assure fellow

since I was a child." He pinned his hopes for Biafra's survival on domestic disorders in Nigeria. "Nigeria is a free-for-all," he said. "Gowon's only asset is that he can get British support." Bitterly, Ojukwu described the battles around him as "Mr Wilson's war for African oil."

Ojukwu was betting that the centrifugal forces of tribal, religious and economic rivalry would tear Nigeria apart in time to save Biafra. But his men ran out of food before that debatable historical process could run its course. Thousands of them faded into the bush, shed their uniforms and, clad only in shorts, melted into streams of refugees. The Nigerians overran Owerri, the last remaining city of any size (250,000) in Biafra. Then they pressed on toward Uli with their 122-mm. Soviet cannon, shelling the strip from a range of 13 miles.

The Last Message

Shortly before Owerri fell, Ojukwu held an all-night Cabinet meeting at which it was decided that he should leave Biafra, ostensibly to seek help elsewhere, actually to facilitate the surrender. Ojukwu later claimed that the decision was his; in Lagos, there were contrary reports that Efiom and other dissenters had forced Ojukwu to go. In any case, Ojukwu departed with bank accounts in London and Zurich to cushion the blow. With Ojukwu gone, Efiom broadcast a call for a cease-fire over a mobile radio transmitter. "Our people are now disillusioned," he said, "and those elements of the old government regime who have made negotiations and reconciliations impossible have voluntarily removed themselves from our midst."

At Uli airstrip by that time, half the runway lights and some of the runway itself had been knocked out by Nigerian guns. The control tower began to wave off flights, they dropped from 17 a day to three, and soon were discontinued. The last pilots to get in with dried fish and other food had to unload their own planes because workers had fled. Often food moved from Uli was brought back because distribution centers had been overrun. The last telex message from Biafra to Markpress, a Geneva public relations firm that has handled the Biafra account with skill, said tersely: "Despite widespread rumors to the contrary, the airstrip at Uli is functioning normally." Next day it fell and with it the nation that it had kept barely alive for so long.

Reconciliation and Repair

Mopping up last week, the Nigerians moved quickly to restore order and save survivors. Radio Biafra, which had played Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* and native drum calls in its final hours, gave way to a soothing female announcer for Radio Nigeria. "Wherever you are," she said repeatedly, "General Gowon wants you to be calm and remain where you are so that relief can reach

you." To prove that it is sincerely trying to avoid reprisals, the government replaced the victorious troops with an occupation force of policemen. Ibos who belonged to the police force before the war were invited to come out of the bush and return to duty. Gowon even named an Ibo, Ukpabi Asika, to administer the occupied territory until normal civilian government is restored. Asika, a graduate of U.C.L.A. and professor of political science at Ibadan University, voiced optimism that the occupation would succeed and that Biafran soldiers would not turn to warfare. "I'm pretty confident," he told TIME Correspondents Roland Flamini and John Blashill, "that the Ibos will learn to live again with the rest of Nigeria. After all, more than half the Ibos are already liv-



NIGERIAN SOLDIER EMBRACING BIAFRAN
Welcome back into the fold?

Ibos that "all is now well and safe."

Gowon had promised a "final offensive" so frequently that it became a Biafran joke. But last October, with fresh shipments of Soviet arms, Nigeria's 1st, 2nd and 3rd divisions began to mount the attack that ended the war. Until this coordinated offensive, the three federal divisions had always struck one at a time, enabling Ojukwu to shift Biafran troops back and forth to meet them. In this campaign, 120,000 Nigerians attacked simultaneously for the first time in the war. Preceded by British armored cars that pushed aside feeble Biafran roadblocks, the Nigerians covered as much as eleven miles a day and threatened at last to split Biafra into pieces.

As recently as two weeks ago, Ojukwu was still directing the war from a heavily camouflaged lodge in a small village near Owerri, with no indication that he foresaw the debacle approaching. He followed a schedule that began at 8 a.m. and often continued until 3:30 a.m. — I have not been much of a sleeper



OJUKWU ANNOUNCING SECESSION IN 1967
Impact already clear.

ing in government territory." Eventually, Gowon may name an Ibo Governor of the East Central State. A possible non-Ibo choice is Efiom.

The rebel region—and the rest of Nigeria—face a formidable job of reconstruction. Throughout the country, imports are down and food prices up by as much as 100%. The East is a shambles of blown-up bridges, shattered buildings and dynamited roads. Only two months remain in which to get the battered Ibos under shelter before the rainy season commences in March. The government will not only have to find shelter for the ex-Biafrans in a hurry, but jobs as well. It is likely to be some time before they venture from their own depleted territory to the shops and schools they once ran elsewhere. "An Ibo would be out of his mind to show up in Hausa towns like Kano, Kaduna or Sokoto," one diplomat in Lagos said last week. "They don't want him there." Gowon also must find jobs for 130,000 or more demobilized Nigerian soldiers, some of whom are already wandering

the streets of Lagos, stopping automobiles and bullying drivers for money or wine.

Gowon's top-priority problems are to feed the Biafrans and to prove that he will not countenance another bloody tribal slaughter. Ojukwu, in a statement written from his mysterious exile and distributed by Markpress, expressed doubt that his old rival had any intention of aiding the Ibo people. "Nigeria's insistence to control the distribution of relief," he said, "is both to ensure that Biafrans get no such relief and a so to shut out outsiders who might witness and expose the enormous crimes she plans to commit against our people." Ojukwu notwithstanding, Gowon seems sincere enough, it remains to be seen whether he can move the relief supplies in time and keep isolated army units from running wild.

Beyond that, Gowon's most urgent task is to correct the constitutional inadequacies that led to the rebellion. To accommodate regional interests and give more power to Nigeria's many minority tribes, Gowon is thinking of increasing the number of states from twelve to 16 or more. The move could reshape Nigeria's politics by shifting emphasis from tribes to political parties. If the parties became strong enough, they might finally suppress the Northern-dominated military cliques that have been running the country for most of the decade since independence. Such a move would be timely. More and more Nigerians complain openly about corruption among army officers and their inordinate love of "dash" or bribes. "What happened in Biafra could have happened in maybe seven of the twelve states," a disgruntled Yoruba said last week.

Gowon's biggest asset in his attempts to transform Nigeria is the country's wealth. Despite the civil war, its economic prospects are probably the best of any Black African nation. Nigeria is already Black Africa's biggest oil producer. Output, now that the war is ending, should reach a record million barrels daily this year and revenues of \$1 billion a year by 1975. Oil has also given Gowon a remarkable degree of independence in foreign affairs, despite the fact that he had to turn to Russia and other politically minded suppliers for weapons. Gowon made cash-on-the-barrelhead payments for all his war purchases: now he is in debt to no foreign nation.

For all that, the fact that Biafra has failed does not necessarily mean that Nigeria will succeed. Yakubu Gowon understands; not long after he came to power in 1966 he despaired of ever overcoming the divisive forces that were rending Nigeria. "There is no basis for unity," he said then. But he has since come to believe otherwise. His efforts to transform that conviction into reality could become an example—or an epitaph—for all of Black Africa's struggling states.

North Viet Nam: Year of the Dog

A rare treat is in store for North Viet Nam's citizens when the lunar year 4668 begins next month—a 11-day holiday. Even so, there is a hitch. To compensate for time lost, all workers have been ordered to report for duty the following Sunday, which is normally a day off. In the end, the *Tet* "holiday" will amount to no more than half a day. The curtailed celebration may be symbolic of Hanoi's troubles as it prepares to wind up the Year of the Rooster and begin the Year of the Dog. Nevertheless, North Viet Nam's leaders appear as grimly determined as

Ho entering Saigon in triumph and presiding over a united country.

An indication that Hanoi is thinking more than ever of a protracted struggle rather than a quick victory came recently from Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap, hero of the victory over the French at Dienbienphu. Writing in two North Vietnamese political journals, Giap offered no hope for the swift, decisive victory he had promised in his 1961 book, *People's War, People's Army*. "Our people will certainly win," he wrote, but he cautioned that "we must have time." North Viet Nam, he



COMMUNIST PRISONERS
Not quite the promised reception.

ever to press the war in the South. Hanoi's mounting problems are not likely to keep it from marking *Tet* with a military offensive similar to those that have disrupted South Viet Nam in varying degrees on past lunar new years. Allied intelligence experts point to a tenfold increase in truck traffic through eastern Laos in recent months as proof that some action is planned. Neither at home nor on the battlefield have pressures grown to the point where the North's leaders feel compelled to negotiate a settlement. The 50th session of the Paris peace talks was held last week and produced no progress.

Cold Snap. Still, there are signs in Hanoi of worn morale, reduced capabilities and painful reassessment. Aside from the war, North Viet Nam has borne more than its share of nature's blows in the past year—a summer drought and a fall flood, an epidemic of deadly hemorrhagic fever, an earthquake, and last week a cold snap that plunged temperatures in Hanoi to freezing. There was the loss of Ho Chi Minh—and, with him, the vision of Uncle

said, was fighting under severe disadvantages and would have to settle for a strategy of "fighting many with few" and "fighting strength with weakness."

Strange Accent. Giap's biggest headache is manpower. The Communists have lost nearly 600,000 men since January 1961—comparable to a U.S. loss of more than 6,000,000 troops. Viet Cong units are so depleted that Giap must furnish at least 70% of the guerrillas despite his dwindling reservoir of manpower. Increasingly, both North Vietnamese and Viet Cong units are composed of teenagers. What is more, many of the Northerners are being sent to the southernmost Mekong Delta, a sector that is unfamiliar to them but is rapidly becoming one of the most crucial areas of the war. To bolster South Viet Nam's defenses there, President Nguyen Van Thieu last week replaced two top military commanders in the Delta. The North, determined to discredit President Nixon's Vietnamization plan, has ordered two full regiments and possibly parts of three others into the area to confront Saigon's forces.

The result has indeed posed a problem for Vietnamization but for Hanoi's brand as well as Washington's.

Viet Cong fighters resent the intrusion of the Northerners, who often assume command positions despite their youth and inexperience. Delta peasants mock their strange accent, and resent their condescending manner. Captured Communist documents tell of locals who refuse to give shelter, medical treatment and even directions to Hanoi's soldiers. One document mentioned a shop owner who raised food prices 15% whenever a Northerner walked in. A defector interviewed by TIME Saigon Bureau Chief Marsh Clark said: "Not only was my unit not welcomed by

numbers," assigning the customer a specific time to shop.

The annual ration of cloth is enough for two everyday outfits, but not enough for an *ao-dai*, the ladies' flowing tunic-trousers, or for a winter coat. There is little local transportation except for bicycles. One recent visitor to Hanoi reported that the only nonessential goods he saw for sale were some Chinese-made pingpong balls. Hanoi's beer gardens frequently sell out before closing time. *Hanoi Moi* recently carried one letter from a cigarette-factory worker who apologized for the number of cigarettes that were "only half full of tobacco," and another from a smoker who complained: "You have to strike more than

CHINA

Defiling the Image

Four Chinese peasants in Kweiyang Commune 18 miles north of Hong Kong were condemned to a total of 50 years of "labor reform" last week for showing disrespect for Chairman Mao Tse-tung. In fact, a three-year-old boy, some roosting hens and a clutch of cockroaches were responsible for three of the crimes. No matter, the men were convicted, and their sentences were announced by the commune chairman, a senior army officer. One 30-year-old farmer drew ten years of "labor reform," which means hard labor, for permitting his three-year-old son to tear up a picture of the Chairman; another farmer got 15 years for "allowing his wife to humiliate Chairman Mao by putting his picture under a hen roost"; a third man, who used rice paste instead of glue to mount the mandatory portrait of Mao, got 15 years because cockroaches, attracted by the rice, chewed up the Chairman's picture. The fourth peasant got ten years for making light of one of Mao's favorite slogans, "Fear no sacrifice, overcome all difficulties to achieve victory." The peasant's version: "Fear no drowning, overcome all difficulties to swim to Hong Kong."

COMMUNISTS

You're One Too

After a three-week interlude, the Sino-Soviet border talks resumed in Peking last week. The atmosphere was anything but cordial. One indication of the sorry state of relations between the two Communist giants came during a Moscow news conference conducted by the Soviet Union's tough but soft-spoken Foreign Ministry press chief, Leonid Zamyatin. In the midst of the conference, Huang Chung-chieh, the New China News Agency's man in Moscow, leaped to his feet to ask why the Kremlin had permitted publication of an article in a new Soviet industrial newspaper that referred to Taiwan as a "country." Peking had protested the reference as evidence of Soviet-American collusion against the Communist Chinese, who claim Taiwan as their very own. A tart exchange ensued.

Zamyatin: That's a question for the editors of the paper.

Huang: Why? You're the head of the press department, aren't you?

Zamyatin: Yes, but I only speak for the government. Next question.

Huang: But what's printed in the Soviet press represents the government's policy.

Zamyatin: We have 200 correspondents in this country, and they write what they want. We have freedom of the press here.

Huang (incredulously): Here? They write what the government wants.

Zamyatin (between his teeth): Well, I could say some things about your country too.



WOMEN WORKERS CLEARING RUBBLE IN HANOI
Nature's blows added to the burdens.

the peasants; we weren't even allowed near them."

North Viet Nam has not yet recovered from the effects of the four-year U.S. bombing that ended 14 months ago. Many target areas in Hanoi's suburbs are still strewn with rubble. Industrial production in 1969, which was supposed to increase by 16.4%, actually rose only 6.6%. One reason: bombing strikes have left North Viet Nam with only one-third the electrical capacity it possessed in 1965.

Woman Power. The government has managed to meet the monthly rice ration of 30 pounds for the average worker, but the staple is now mixed with large amounts of Soviet wheat. Many find the result unpalatable. Domestic rice production takes about 40 times the number of man-hours per pound that it does in Russia or Japan—partly because women workers, who now constitute more than 80% of the labor force, tire quickly in the paddies. According to *Hanoi Moi*, the capital's main daily, food lines have grown so long that some stores pass out "appointment

ten matches before one will light."

Nothing summarized the North's woes as graphically as a letter written by a 14-year-old schoolboy to his father, a soldier fighting in the South, it was reprinted in *Nhan Dan*. "I eat rice mixed with wheat. The shirt I wear is full of patches. The paper I write on has many lumps. I have only rubber sandals to ward off the winter cold. Grandmother is still working in the fields. Mother still digs irrigation ditches."

With every account of hardship, there is an exhortation to greater work and sacrifice. Nowhere has there appeared an official suggestion that Hanoi should alleviate the suffering by calling a halt to the fighting. The power to make that decision rests with the triumvirate that succeeded Ho—Premier Pham Van Dong, Party Secretary Le Duan and Assembly Chairman Truong Chinh. Analysts in the South and elsewhere are convinced that Truong now ranks first among equals. Those with hopes of a quick end to the war can hardly take comfort from the fact that his name translates as "Long March."

MIDDLE EAST

Bombs and Blue-Outs

Guests checking into Cairo's Nile Hilton these days are greeted by a polite note warning "Upon instructions from the government, there will be an air-raid trial at any time." With characteristic efficiency, the Egyptians began their first drill with an all-clear signal. On the streets of the capital, increasing numbers of autos have their headlights painted blue to reduce their visibility from the air. Both the drills—which went off largely as planned—and the "blue-out" are signs of Egypt's growing concern over Israeli air raids.

In recent weeks, Israeli jets have repeatedly blasted military installations near Cairo—the closest strike coming just nine miles from the city. Egyptian

government hierarchy. Diplomats feel that Nasser is now definitely in command. Indeed, he had encouraging news from neighboring Libya, where Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, leader of the coup that ousted King Idris last fall, formally installed himself as Prime Minister. Gaddafi is firmly in Nasser's camp. Libya's barely tapped oil wealth can be a real asset to Nasser.

To the north, Lebanon continued to encounter trouble in its attempts to keep Arab commando organizations in check. Villagers near Israel's borders are alarmed that guerrilla raids will bring savage reprisals. In Hasbaya, demonstrators stormed the office of the Syrian Al-Saiga commando group. In Nabya, where Al-Saiga also had an office—and therefore a potential target for the Israelis—dangerously close

ISRAEL

The Lion's Roar

On the issue of war with the Arabs, nearly every Israeli is a hawk. Such unanimity dissipates when it comes to the question of planning for peace. While most hard-liners insist on retaining every square inch of territory conquered in the 1967 war, an impressive number of Israelis feel that some concessions are necessary. Most political doves, however, are reluctant to speak up. They are all too well aware of the controversy such talk invariably provokes. Early last year, for example, when Premier Levi Eshkol suggested that Israel might not retain some Arab-populated areas of the West Bank, an awesome political uproar followed: some of Eshkol's friends claim that it contributed to the fatal heart attack that struck him soon afterward. Deputy Premier Yigael Allon was also criticized sharply by Israeli hawks for proposing that some bits of Arab land be returned to Arab control.

The risk of censure has not deterred brainy, diminutive Arie Eliav, newly elected Secretary-General of the ruling Labor Party. He has been speaking out more forcefully than any other major political figure in Israel. As top executive of the 300,000-member party, a post once held by Premier Golda Meir, Russian-born Eliav, 48, feels that he now has "the channel to disseminate my ideas." In Tel Aviv last week, he told TIME Correspondent Martin Levin about those ideas, which include some radical proposals for unilateral Israeli concessions to the Arabs.

A Little Late. "The first thing we have to do," he said, "is to recognize that the Palestinian Arabs exist as an infant nation. It is there. We have to recognize them. The sooner we do it, the better it will be for us, for them, for eventual peace." His view is in direct contradiction with that of Mrs. Meir, who is on record as saying that there is no such thing as either a Palestinian nation or people. That difference of opinion is one reason why the Premier was so slow in throwing her support to Eliav as Secretary-General.

Equally controversial is Eliav's second suggestion—a declaration that Israel does not plan to annex territories. "We have annexed Jerusalem," he said. "That is a fact that cannot be undone. But we should not annex any more territories." To Israeli hard-liners, who claim all of Palestine on the basis of historical rights, Eliav retorts: "True, our forefathers lived here and in Jordan. But so did the Arabs. The solution has to be that two states can live equally together. There is ample place for a Jewish state as big as Holland, with 10 million people, and an Arab state as big as Belgium with 9 million. I think we should recognize a legitimate Arab national movement."

As one step in this direction, Eliav, who is a Cambridge-educated specialist



ARAB COMMANDO TRAINING IN SOUTH LEBANON
Even the status quo could lead to war.

opposition was patchy, though one Israeli jet was downed by anti-aircraft fire. Israel enjoys mastery of the air, which it aims to use to make life miserable for Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. Late in the week, Israeli commandos struck within 36 miles of Cairo—the closest that Israeli ground forces have ever operated to the Egyptian capital.

Libyan Wealth. The Israelis make no secret of their desire to get rid of Nasser. As long as he is President of Egypt, Israel's Premier Golda Meir said in Jerusalem, "I cannot say when there will be peace." A high ranking Cabinet minister added: "Nasser has imprisoned himself in a position where he cannot make peace and he cannot make war. He can only maintain the status quo, and the status quo will only lead eventually to war. He must be weakened, but it would be better if he went altogether."

Nonetheless, the chances that Israel will succeed in undermining Nasser look slim. Last autumn, Nasser banished Ali Sabry, his only evident rival, from the

to a school, residents protested to the government. Beirut ordered the commandos to close their offices in both towns and to move their bases away from populated areas.

It was against that discouraging backdrop of bombing raids and commando attacks that the United Nations ambassadors of the U.S., Britain, France and the Soviet Union held their meeting in Manhattan on the Mideast problem. The Big Four got nowhere, nor are they likely to for some time to come. With peace efforts stymied, arms continued to flow into the troubled area. There were unconfirmed reports that the French, who only two weeks ago arranged to deliver 50 Mirage jets to Libya, were negotiating the sale of 50 more to Iraq. Paris heatedly denied the stories. In Brussels on the other hand, the Belgian government confirmed reports that a shipment of surplus American and French war matériel left the port of Zeebrugge last week aboard the Israeli freighter *Tamar*.

in village planning, urges that Israel "should start tackling the Arab-refugee problem with those refugees already in our hands. We already are a little late." For example, he suggests that a vocational-education network be established for Arab children, that new towns and new farms be set up for the refugees.

High on the List. An artillery officer with the British Army in World War II, Eliav later worked with the Jewish underground and earned himself a place high on the British mandatory administration's wanted list. In one notable exploit, he smuggled in 2,000 illegal immigrants from Sweden aboard the *Ulva*, a onetime United Fruit Co. banana boat aboard which the Richard Nixons once took a cruise. During the 1956 Sinai campaign, he posed as a Foreign Legion officer to smuggle 200 Egyptian



AR E. ELIAV
Two goals to go.

Jews out of Port Said aboard fishing smacks.

Eliav's nickname is Lyova, an affectionate form of the Russian word *lev* (lion). In speaking out as forcefully as he has, Eliav has lived up to the name. A self-described "superdove," he maintains that "my views are those of the silent majority. There hasn't been a show of hands yet, but I hope that one day there will be."

Eliav argues that of Zionism's three principal goals, only one has been attained—the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. The other two, providing a refuge for all Jews who want or need one and creating a model society based on the Jewish heritage, have not been completely fulfilled. "Our achievements are many," he says, "but so too are our failures. There is a long way to go. The real danger, as I see it, is that the conflict with the Arabs may take us further away from building the kind of Jewish society that we Zionists want to have in the land of Israel."

WEST GERMANY

No Wanderer

His eyes puffy from lack of sleep, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt last week delivered his first state-of-the-nation address to the Bundestag. Just back from a two-week vacation in Tunisia, Brandt had taken one look at his aides' drafts of the speech a few days earlier and scrapped them all. They made him appear too pliable to Eastern European demands. The evening before his Bundestag appearance, he stayed up until nearly midnight honing and polishing a new version of his first major policy statement since last October's inaugural address.

The October speech, with its enunciation of his *Ostpolitik*, had touched off a flurry of diplomatic activity between Bonn and its Communist neighbors. Since then, Brandt had said little. So this time he felt it necessary to deal exclusively with foreign policy, for he is determined to break the enduring impasse in Central Europe. Most of the speech was directed at East Germany's spade-bearded Boss Walter Ulbricht, who fears that any improvement in Bonn's relations with Warsaw and Moscow will undermine his own bargaining position with West Germany. Last month Ulbricht sent Brandt a proposed treaty between the two Germanys that was peppered with demands he knew would be rejected—including diplomatic recognition for East Germany and an end to West German ties to West Berlin.

Security Gambit. As expected, Brandt said no to Ulbricht's demands, but he adroitly baited the ball back into the old *Spitzbart's* court. He refused to enter into talks on recognition on the grounds that while East Germany may be a separate state, it "can never be a foreign country for us." At the same time, Brandt offered to negotiate a renunciation-of-force treaty with East Germany similar to one already being discussed by the Soviets and West Germans in Moscow. In Warsaw last this month, the Poles and West Germans will start talks on a similar agreement.

Brandt looks to the German-to-German talks as a useful forum for discussing many issues—athletic competition, for example, and economic cooperation—that might help bring the two Germanys a bit closer. He promised to write a letter to East German Premier Willi Stoph in which he would make a formal proposal. Declared Brandt: "There must be, there can be and there will be negotiations between Bonn and East Berlin." At the same time he blamed the East Germans for continuing tension between the two parts of Germany. Ulbricht and his cohorts, said Brandt, are "dogmatists and left-wing reactionaries whose own power is more important to them than peace among all the people of Europe."

In a deft ploy to enlist Soviet support for negotiations, Brandt said that West German participation in the So-

viet-sponsored European security conference would depend on progress toward the solution of Germany's internal problems. Brandt is well aware that the security conference, which Moscow wants to convene either late this year or early in 1971 to ratify Europe's existing borders, is a major goal of Soviet diplomacy. The Kremlin is so eager to hold the conference that Soviet officials said publicly last week that they would welcome American attendance. Previously, they had been lukewarm toward the idea. It is too early to tell, however, whether the Soviets, who have recently stiffened their attitude toward Brandt, want the security conference badly enough to pressure Ulbricht into even a semblance of cooperation with Bonn.

Brandt went out of his way to point



BRANDT ADDRESSING BUNDESTAG
Adroitly baiting the ball back.

out that his government remains committed to the West. His emphasis on better relations with Eastern Europe has raised fears, notably in France, that West Germany is headed toward a Rapallo-style deal with the Communists that could upset the balance of power in Europe. Stressing Bonn's reliance on the Atlantic Alliance, Brandt declared: "The Federal Republic is no wanderer between two worlds." He buttressed the point by announcing that he would visit French President Georges Pompidou later this month, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson in March and President Nixon in April.

At first, Brandt's approach seemed to have little effect on the Christian Democratic opposition, which accused him of breaking with West Germany's historic stand on unification. Under a succession of C.D.U. Chancellors, Bonn asserted its claim to be the sole legitimate representative of the German people, East or West, and held that unification could come about only through

free elections in East Germany. In the post-address debate, former Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger cried that "We want not only the achievement of national unity but also the unity of state as well." One delegate even accused the Chancellor of "jeopardizing" Bonn's sovereignty. Nonetheless, after letting off steam, the Christian Democrats agreed to support Brandt's policy toward East Germany. Even if his *Ostpolitik* has run into some resistance in the Communist countries, it still commands support in West Germany.

Dilatory Demolition

In the quiet days of the Phony War, the so-called Sitzkrieg that lasted from September 1939 until German Panzer divisions overran the Low Countries and France in May 1940, British troops sang confidently: "We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line . . ." For all that bravado, the line loomed as a forbidding obstacle. It stretched 350 miles, from Switzerland to The Netherlands, studded with 20,000 bunkers and countless concrete antitank traps known as "dragon's teeth." Not until late 1944 was the Siegfried Line tested in battle; by early 1945, Allied troops had punched through its defenses and into Nazi Germany's industrial heartland. Since then, the line has confronted nothing except France's equally futile and equally decrepit Magmot Line. Mushroom growers fancied its dank corners, as did occasional lovers. Visionaries suggested turning the bunkers into week-end hangarons. But the government decided to demolish it. By 1968, however, only 5,250 bunkers had been blown up, at a cost of more than \$13 million. Recently, Bonn grudgingly coughed up another \$250,000 to raze some of the more unsightly remaining ruins. At the present rate of demolition, tourists should still be able to hang out their washing on the Siegfried Line in the year 2000.

SPAIN

Coronation Deferred

Last July Generalissimo Francisco Franco named him as "my successor"; so Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón is destined to become Spain's constitutional monarch sooner or later. Recent rumors had it sooner. Barcelona's weekly magazine *Mundo*, which has close ties to Franco's new Cabinet, last month flatly forecast an April 1 date for the coronation of the 32-year-old prince. Now it appears that Juan Carlos' day will come later—maybe much later. At 77, and after 31 years of rule, Franco is not in the best of health but he is determined to carry on. "While God gives me life," he promised in a vigorous New Year's Eve address, "I will be working with you for the fatherland." The man who some day will become Spain's King Juan III got the message. Last week Juan Carlos told a friend "There is still a long way ahead."

BRITAIN

The Legacy of Humanity Dick

British mod designers who made it big with miniskirts now seem to be straining for fresh sensations. London's latest sartorial smash is a camel's hair maxicoat for dogs. But when the new fashion was promoted in stores and newspapers last week, all of Britain seemed to bark back. Animal psychologists protested that dogs "object to being dressed up." The man at Harrods pet department rejected the coats as downright "impractical." The final word came from the venerable Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which sometimes seems to ri-

snapped back: "It's the horses must be really suffering."

Founded in 1824 by an M.P. named Richard ("Humanity Dick") Martin and several other animal-rights activists, the society is the oldest of its kind. With more than 4,000 branches in Britain and 19 Commonwealth countries, it maintains a powerful lobby in Parliament. Unlike mere bobbies, the R.S.P.C.A.'s 240 smartly uniformed inspectors carry sidearms (for shooting injured animals), though they have no legal status whatever. The society's annual budget of \$2,800,000 is the envy of the much smaller N.S.P.C.C. (National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children), which combats Britain's se-



BORZOI & MISTRESS SPORTING MAXIS IN LONDON
Utopia by Victoria's standards.

val Parliament and Crown as a defender of the realm. "This is the kind of fashion," intoned a spokesman at the R.S.P.C.A.'s 100-year-old London headquarters, "in which the feelings of dogs are being ignored."

Such pronouncements are not taken lightly in the land where Tennyson once advised a recent bride that she could consider herself fortunate if her husband treated her as "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." Queen Victoria, an early champion of the society, declared that "no civilization can be complete which does not include the dumb and defenseless of God's creatures." By her standards, Britain has reached Utopia.

The Ultimate Penalty. More than 20 million Britons own pets, including 5,000,000 dogs and 5,000,000 cats, plus innumerable numbers of hamsters and hedgehogs, budgerigars and even baboons. Churchill used to disclose "secrets I could tell no man" to a favorite poodle. When an American visitor at a royal military review observed that Queen Elizabeth was bearing up nobly under a beastly sun, a British matron

vere child-beating problem. "We're not a particularly affectionate race," explains R.S.P.C.A. Chairman John Hobhouse. "Perhaps we fall back, then, on this affection for animals."

Recently, the society forced London stores to stop filling orders for lion cubs and other exotic pets by charging "cruel and inhuman treatment." Though it regards fox hunting as a "humane" way of keeping the vulpine population from overrunning Britain's farms, the society is waging war on other "blood sports." At R.S.P.C.A. urging, Prime Minister Harold Wilson last month inveighed in the Commons against setting greyhounds after a live hare as a "barbarous anachronism."

A bill against the sport faces strong opposition from sporting Tories. They are well aware that the law would be strictly enforced. Last year the R.S.P.C.A. won convictions against 994 Britons on animal-cruelty charges. Against 217 of those convicted (mostly dog owners), the ultimate penalty was invoked. They were prohibited from owning the species in question for periods ranging from a year to life.

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PEOPLE

France's 175-year-old Académie des Beaux-Arts has coldly considered recent proposals to recognize upstart arts like the cinema. Now, however, the forty-member academy's new president observes "There were no moviemakers around at the time of Louis XIV, so I sincerely believe we would in no way offend the founders by recognizing this new art form." The president is Sculptor Paul Belmondo, 72, father of Actor Jean-Paul.

A contender in a future Kentucky Derby may be Joe Namath. Not the New York Jets' gimpy quarterback, but a brown three-year-old colt owned by Mrs. Liz Tippet (the former Mrs. Jack Whitney). "He's big and beautiful just like his namesake," said Mrs. Tippet. "But he's a little sounder in wind and limb—and he has good knees."

"Ah, olive oil!" exclaimed Salvador Dali, surveying one of the dishes at a small luncheon in Nice with two new acquaintances. "It's thanks to olive oil that great painting came into existence, somewhere around the time of Velázquez, I think." After that lesson in the salad days of art, his amused friends, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, dug into the lettuce.

Edward M. Kennedy traveled to Manhattan last week to take his wife to the hospital, but this time at least, it was no great matter. Joan, 34, checked into Icnos Hill Hospital simply to have her tonsils removed. It had been done once

before, when she was a little blonde girl named Virginia Joan Bennett, but somehow the tonsils reappeared. The operation was a success, and the Senator's attractive wife will soon be able to recite *Peter and the Wolf* again at symphony concerts, her favorite cultural diversion.

New York extended open palms to a long-haired oleomargarine heir who plans to give away his entire \$25 million fortune. Michael J. Brody Jr., 21, a member of the Jelke clan, hopes quixotically to see "everybody as rich as I am." "Then," he adds, "I'll leave the world alone and go to a desert island." Mike, who wants to become a rock mu-



BRODY & BRIDE
Spreading it around.

sician and his bride of two weeks, Rence, have asked for 20,000 volunteers to help them spread the wealth.

The Super Bowl and Kansas City's powerful defensive front four reminded National Press Club Speaker Robert Finch of what he termed his own "Francic Four: pollution, the population explosion, the Pill and pesticides." The Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare continued "The best thing we've found so far for the population explosion is a 24-hour schedule for athletic events on TV—all year round."

French Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann was reminiscing about a luncheon in 1963. The then Ambassador to the U.S., Hervé Alphand, discussing the Paris visit of a twice-defeated American politician, advised Charles de Gaulle: "Don't waste your time on him. He has no political status at all." "No, Alphand," replied France's President "You are wrong. Nixon is a man with a great future."



THE DUKE & DUCHESS
Digging them up.

The BBC's television interview with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor ranged over many topics, youth (they were with it), smoking (his vice; she hates it), golf (he's a duffer), miniskirts (She, "You certainly know what you're getting"). The talk finally turned to the problems of age, and the duke, 75, recalled a story about his wife's aunt, Mrs. Buchanan Merriman, who lived to be more than 100. Asked why she never looked up certain old friends, Mrs. Merriman retorted: "Look them up? You mean dig them up?"

Liz Carpenter, who was Lady Bird Johnson's press secretary, has a recipe for what she calls Effete Snob Mushrooms: 1 lb fresh mushrooms, 1 tbs chopped scallions, 1 tbs. butter, 1 pt. heavy cream, 1 tbs sherry, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper. Liz originally got the cherished recipe from Mrs. Douglas MacArthur II. The title, presumably, is of more recent vintage.

Handing out the annual awards to France's top boxers, Maurice Chevalier, 81, recalled that he had once fought a friendly bout with the great Georges Carpentier, world light heavyweight champ from 1920 to 1922. A boxing manager who had seen the round offered Chevalier a pugilistic contract on the spot. Fortunately for show biz and girls of all ages, Chevalier had just been signed for the first time to appear in the Folies-Bergère.

To christen Pan American's first operational 747 jet, Pat Nixon pulled a cover and unleashed a patriotic spray of red, white and blue fluid. It splashed over the nose of the giant plane, and splashed and splashed. Pan Am President Najeeb Halaby tried to shut off the torrent. Then the First Lady gave it a try. A puddle on the concrete became an embarrassing mini-lake before the flow stopped. Back to champagne.



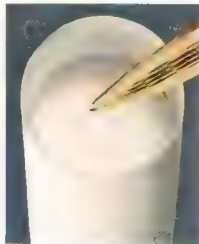
TED & JOAN
Taking them out.

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cigarette offers a difference
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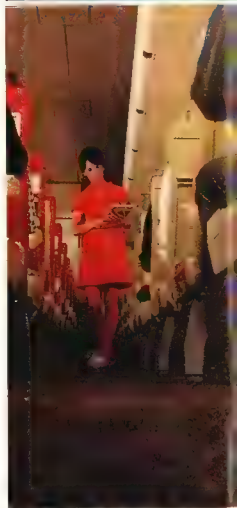
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That thirty-some birthday
and she's not too happy about it.
How do you wish her that some time earlier
or softer, or looked better.
And you love her with a warmth
it takes a fancy some time and
to understand.

Diamonds make a gift of love.

SPORT

Route of the Super Chiefs

The half-time show was under way at the Super Bowl, and the high-stepping Southern University band was presenting a thunderous reprise of the 1815 Battle of New Orleans. Then, as the announcer intoned "1,300 Englishmen died here," an irate football fan was heard to jeer, "Yeah, and one Greek."

Jimmy ("the Greek") Snyder is still alive—but not very well—in Las Vegas. In the last two Super Bowls, the king of the odds makers has been wrong by a grand total of 55 points. Last year he rated the American Football League's upstart New York Jets 17-point underdogs against the National Football League's vaunted Baltimore Colts. Score: Jets 16, Colts 7. This year Snyder rated the N.F.L. Minnesota Vikings 13 points better than the A.F.L.'s Kansas City Chiefs. The Greek's calculations included six points for the Vikings' offense, three for their defense, four for their coach and the fact that the game was in New Orleans, an N.F.L. city. Wrong again. Kansas City Coach Hank Stram (see box) had clearly done a better job of preparing his players for the big game than Minnesota's Bud Grant. The Chiefs outran, outpassed, outthrust and outthought the Vikings to gain a richly deserved 23-7 victory.

Boffing Defense. As the players get bigger and the game becomes ever more complex, it should have been no surprise that the biggest and most complex team of all would eventually win the Super Bowl. The Chiefs' defensive front four, led by 270-lb Aaron Brown, is the heaviest in football, their line

backers are a muscular trio of maulers. Along with all that muscle goes Coach Stram's baffling, shifting "triple stack" defense. "With our wide variety of alignments," says Coach Stram, "we create a recognition problem for the offense. Any time we can make a team hesitate, we're on the right track."

Unable to read the Chiefs' revolving



STRAM & DAWSON ON SIDELINE

defense, Quarterback Joe Kapp repeatedly called automatics, which served only to pull his own line offside. The Vikings, who had averaged 27 points per game in their own league, did not cross the Chiefs' 40 until the third quarter. Their running attack netted only 67 yds.; Kapp's passes were hardly more effective—no long, score-producing bombs and two disastrous interceptions. Although the Chiefs' line backers blitzed only once, Kapp was dumped for losses three times. The final indignity came in the fourth quarter when the rugged quarterback was bounced on his shoulder and out of the game by Aaron Brown.

Broken Tackles. Meanwhile, Kansas City's Quarterback Lenny Dawson called a precise game, making full use of the 75 "sets" and 300-plus plays provided by Coach Stram. The Chiefs' big offensive linemen double-teamed the Vikings' All-Pro Ends Carl Eller and Jim Marshall, which kept them from deflecting Dawson's passes. In the backfield Dawson moved his pocket around to confuse the Viking tackles and began working short passes in front of the cornerbacks. He mingled his throws with quick-hitting thrusts by his running backs, and even caught the Vikings napping with three dusty end-around dashes for 37 yds. by Frank Pits. Jan Stenerud kicked three field goals in the first half and Mike Garrett added a 5-yd. touchdown burst.

In the third period Dawson lofted a short pass to Otis Taylor, and the big receiver broke two tackles as he raced 46 yds. into the end zone. The Chiefs' reward \$15,000 per man. Said Stram, "I thought at the start of the season that we had our best team ever. Now we've proved it."

Innovation for the Fun of It

THE conductor of the Super Chiefs is Coach Hank Stram, a spry, spruce little fellow (5 ft. 7 in., 205 lbs) who looks like a Cheshire cat, dresses like Cecil Beaton, talks like Otto von Bismarck and operates like Jimmy Valentine. "Every team," he says, "should have its own style that reflects the personality of the coach." The Kansas City Chiefs are a mirror image of both sides of Stram's personality: courteous, reliable and trustworthy off the field, coruscating, resourceful and a little terrifying on it. When it comes to dealing with players, Stram has every grain of Vince Lombardi's starchiness: \$50 a minute is the price of tardiness to any meeting, \$50 a pound is the cost of excess fat at Thursday weigh-ins. No mustaches or mutton chops are permitted. Long hair is utterly unthinkable. How does Stram reconcile his own flamboyant wardrobe (30 suits, often set off by a red vest) with his fundamentalist attitude? "If it's my team, things have to be done my way. That's all."

It is when they take to the field that Stram's Chiefs take on their true color. In an age when most college and pro coaches are emulating the bedrock approach popularized by Woody Hayes and Lombardi, Stram is an inveterate innovator who likes to "put a new wrinkle into almost every game." Among Stram's inventions is the "moving pocket," which allows the quarterback to maneuver without abandoning his protection; the "triple stack" defense, which puts 290-lb. Tackle Buck Buchanan nose-on-nose with the offensive center and lets the linebackers work in tandem with the remaining three linemen. Even the Chiefs' basic formation is a wild piece of unorthodoxy: the "Tight I," in which the tight end lines up in the backfield behind the running backs, thereby preventing the defensive secondary from keying on him. Some critics insist it all sounds like flimflammy—to which Stram replies "The important thing is to believe in something strongly enough to make it work."

Stram, 47, is the only head coach remaining from the A.F.L.'s original class of 1960, and his Chiefs have won more games over the decade than any other team in the league. But Stram's abilities have long been suspect because Kansas City has often seemed to be one of those talent-laden teams that always lose the big game. The major disappointment came in the first Super Bowl in 1967, when Green Bay trounced the Chiefs 35-10. Since then, Stram has concentrated on building up his defense, choosing carefully in the draft, trading furiously off-season. The result is the biggest, fastest, most feared defense in the game.

Beyond that, Stram the innovator simply enjoys switching things around to satisfy his restless energy. To implant his constantly changing tactics, he says "I like to get at least four or five new players every year. That's the only way to make a team grow." These days, those who disagree are not arguing out loud.

MODERN LIVING

The Psychedelic Tie-Dye Look

THE art is almost as old as India—where it is called *bandhna*. It is as new as the boutiques that blossom along Sunset Strip and Madison Avenue—where it is called tie-dyeing. Knotting cloth and dipping it in dye to produce patterns of colorful blobs, swirls and splashes has suddenly become a bright new fad of both high fashion and low.

The latest version of the fad started among the flower children of California, for whom its appeal is easy to understand. For one thing, it is pure psychedelia. For another, each tie-dyed pattern is unique, an unautomated adventure in personal adornment. And tie-dyeing is cheap. For little added cost, it can turn a 32¢ T shirt into strawberry fields forever, or an old pair of jeans into a tiptoe through the tulips.

The Water Babies. The old new fashion spread rapidly through the rock world, many of its stars now sleep in tie-dyed sheets (Janis Joplin has a set in satin). Pop Singer John Sebastian habitually turns himself out in tie-dye from chin to tennis shoes; he does it all himself, and his stove is usually covered with bubbling dye pots.

Sebastian learned the craft from one of its best-known practitioners on the West Coast, "Tie-Dye Annie." Dark-haired Ann Thomas, born 33 years ago in New York City, was a copywriter for Capitol Records and worked for an ad agency in Hawaii before dropping out in Haight-Ashbury in 1967. There, at the Free Store, she learned to tie-dye castaway clothes. "It was the only way we had to give them our own individual stamp of identity," she explains, "as well as making them beautiful."

Today Annie has graduated to a ramshackle semicomune in the Hollywood Hills, surrounded by the vats, bottles and colors of her Water Baby Dye Works. Most of the works is out of doors—which is almost necessary, because Annie uses lye and sodium hydrosulfite, resulting in fumes that make it necessary for her to cover her hair, wear rubber gloves and an apron, and douse herself thoroughly in vinegar at the end of a dyeing day.

Annie and her partner, an English-born professional designer named Maureen Mubeem, could easily be swamped by commissions from the boutiques of Los Angeles, San Francisco and points between. But the girls avoid commercialization and limit themselves to work for friends at a flat \$7.50 per item. A list of their customers reads like *Who's Who in Rock*; it includes the Rolling Stones, the cast of *The Commitment*, Cass Elliott and Hair Producer Michael Butler (whose dining room is now being done over completely in Water Baby tie-dye).

Because of the shortage of fine workmanship, Hollywood is hard put to keep up with the tie-dye boom—which has spread to everything from long-john underwear at \$10 a set to wall hangings at \$500. After Annie, the West Coast tie-dyer most in demand is Artist Bert Bliss, who has been at it for more than 20 years. Bliss, who works with rayon chiffons, cottons and velvets, does his dyeing in the kitchen, like any housewife. And instead of Annie's concoctions of lye and anilines, he uses a home dyeing product called Rit, right from the supermarket shelf.

Dazzling Variations. So does the Manhattan husband-and-wife team of Will and Eileen Richardson, whose brand-new firm, Up Tied, is considered the best tie-dyer in the city. Up Tied was conceived only last February when Artist Richardson, commissioned to do a display for Rit, rashly announced that he could make better tie-dye samples than the Rit people had supplied him with. They gave him four days to try. The Richardsons set to work frantically to learn—and found tie-dyeing to be both a simple and remarkably creative art.

First step is putting the material together and tying it tightly in variations of five basic shapes, known as rosettes, bunches, gathers, pleats and marblings. String or dental floss can be used to tie it, but elastic is best, as it is not permeated by the dye and can be easily snipped free. The fabric is then immersed in the simmering (not boiling) dye solution and kept there for a length of time that varies with the material, cotton, for instance, soaks up the dye slowly, while silk takes it quickly. Next, the fabric is rinsed in cold water. The process can be repeated as many as five times, using a different color for each dyeing. Shadings of color can be achieved by boiling in a color remover or stretching the fabric on the floor and rubbing on chlorine bleach (which has to be removed in a washing machine). Dazzling variations can be created by twisting the elastic around the bunched material and using a medicine dropper or squeeze bottle to drop the dye into folds and crevices of the cloth.

Limp and Sensuous. When the Richardsons saw how delighted the Rit people were with their four-day efforts, they decided to peddle their designs on their own. One interior decorator who saw the contents of Will Richardson's sample case suggested that Will drop downstairs and see Halston, the brilliant young milliner and fashion designer. Two hours later, Richardson walked out with a \$5,000 order. Halston has designed much of his new collection in Up Tied tie-dyes—even including a group of tie-dyed slouch hats. He loves the medium's "limp, sensuous quality," he says. "The beauty of it is that no two pieces are alike and anybody can wear it—young and not so young."

Halston's tie-dyed young and not so young include Actress Ali MacGraw, Best-Dresser Babe Paley, Vogue Editor Robin Butler and Model Naomi Sims. Film Star Liza Minnelli has commissioned Halston to dress her in tie-dye for her Waldorf opening next month.

Burlington Industries, sensing a developing market, has included four different tie-dye designs in its fabrics this year, and is mass-producing them. Tie-dye prints are showing up in the fabric centers and even in the hosiery salons of large department stores. Whether they come off the kitchen stove, a rack in a



ALI MACGRAW & HALSTON IN BOUTIQUE
Turning T-shirts into strawberry fields forever.



Sorting dye from front of table.



Rinsing out shirt before drying.



Tie-dyeing in Los Angeles workshop. Maureen Maheen mixes dyes with chemicals while Ann Thomas supervises. Maureen's hair is covered with cloth to protect it from dyes. Fabric is twisted, pleated, or bunched, tied with strings

or rubber bands then dipped into the dye. Patterns or color are formed because dye does not penetrate into tightly tied areas. At right, Esteen and Will Richardson dye chiffon scarves in their Manhattan apartment.



Bill Blass's tie-dyed velvet midcoat

Halston's "Anemone" pants suit



"Tortoise shell" trench coat (left) and "fire and ember" pants suit (right) are both Halston designs; velvet trousers (foreground) are by Allen & Cole



Ballooned-sleeved minidress, designed by Gavle Kirkpatrick.



Leopard is worn over panty hose by Capezio at Allen & Cole

chic boutique or an industrial loom, the bright surprises and flowery amebae of tie-dyed clothes, cushions and wall coverings will be part of the pattern for 1970.

Finale for Fashion?

Fashion Designer Rudi Gernreich, 47, is best known for designing almost nothing at all: the topless bathing suit. Although he sold 3,000 copies at \$25 apiece, he did not really mean to market it. He made the suit mainly as a "statement" in support of the "liberated look" of the late 1960s—a look he further promoted with his No-Bra bra, clinging knit mindresses, "Swiss cheese" swimsuits and see-through blouses. All that pioneering so exhausted Rudi that he treated himself to a year's sabbatical in order to restore his flagging energies; he convalesced comfortably in Tanguier Paris and the Hollywood hills. Now Gernreich is back on the scene, a radical turned revolutionary. No longer content with trying to change fashion, he seems determined to do away with it.

In the main showroom of his elegant Los Angeles salon last week, Rudi readied his forces for the first big assault: a preview showing of his 1970 line to be staged at the Hancock Park home of Socialite Eugenia Butler. The first order of business was to shave the heads and bodies of his two models "Hair hides a lot," explained Gernreich, "and boy, hair is too sexual. I don't want to confuse the idea of freedom with sexual nakedness. Openness and honesty call for no covering of any kind." For Thomas Broom, 30, Rudi's male model, the prospect of all-over alopecia held no horror. "I've wanted to shed my hair for a long time. I have this theory that when I do, I will shed other things too—maybe my inhibitions." But Renée Holt, 22, approached her barber's appointment with anxiety. Fondly caressing her long golden tresses, she said bravely. "In a way, long hair is a crutch for a woman. Once the hair is short, one may develop other things like the intellect. But I have been thinking what my father will say."

Disposable Underwear. An hour later, Tom and Renée emerged from under their barbers' aprons and entered separate bathrooms to shave off every vestige of body hair. "You look great, just great!" gushed Rudi when they returned. A cosmetician applied a thin coat of flesh-colored makeup to their naked bodies, and it was time to get into their costumes, such as they were. Both models dressed identically in black-and-white monokims covered with white knit bel-bottom trousers and rib-length black-and-white tank tops. Then, while photographers snapped pictures and Gernreich gave cues and directions, the models rehearsed their act for the show. Off came the tank tops. Down dropped the trousers. The monokims slid slowly to the floor. After stepping to one side, Tom and Renée stood silently like statues—or inmates of a concentration camp.

Dramatic as the rehearsal was, the actual show this week should have even greater impact. Plans call for the two models, wearing their unsex clothing, to mingle with 200 formally attired, champagne-sipping guests on the spacious first floor of the Butler mansion. After taking off their tank tops, Broom and Holt will linger awhile and then ascend a circular staircase to strip to the buff in full view of the onlookers. "It's a shock thing," Gernreich admits.

The show is designed to demonstrate graphically Gernreich's notion that "fashion as we know it is coming to an end," that designers should no longer be artists but anonymous editors. "The stronger the signature of the designer," he says, "the less acceptable his clothes will be." During the 1970s, adds Rudi, "basic clothing will become much more understated. Our aesthetics will change and focus more on the body than on its adornment. Nudity will be much more prevalent. People will pay less attention to their looks, he says, because they simply will not have the time or inclination for self-indulgence. "The problems of overpopulation, pollution and so forth are going to intrude in some way on all our lives and change our everyday involvements. Clothes will just not be that important any more."

Whatever utilitarian clothes are worn, Gernreich predicts, will be mostly mail-order items "from catalogues or off the television set", even underwear will become a casualty: "I think that if there is any kind of underwear at all, it will be disposable. We will wear it once and just throw it away."

Sexual Honesty. Gernreich is also convinced that unisex is the wave of the future. In his 1970 line, he has already carried that concept through to its logical (as far as he is concerned) conclusion. He has eliminated all sexual variations in the clothes by designing miniskirts, leotards and pants suits for men and women alike. Men in miniskirts? "Sure," says Rudi diffidently. "Is a boy in a skirt any the less a boy?" By wearing the same clothes, he insists, male and female only "enhance" their bodily differences; by promoting uniformity of dress, he argues, he is also promoting an honest, rational attitude toward sex. "Sexual honesty involves only the body itself," he says. "Sexuality should not be judged on the basis of clothes. It is a spiritual thing—and a physical thing."

Not that Gernreich wants to eradicate all differences in clothing. Old folks, he thinks, ought to show their age. "There should be a limit to a person's trying to look younger than he is," says Rudi. "People simply have to get over their youth hang-up and accept their advancing years as a natural process of life." For senior citizens, Rudi has designed boldly patterned, caftan-like robes with stylish simplicity and stunning colors that may well win him more admirers young and old alike—than his masculine miniskirts and barbered bodies.



TOM & RENÉE WITH GERNREICH



N PANTS & TOPLESS



IN CAFTANS
"Hair hides a lot."

THE PRESS

How to Handle Violence

According to a recent Gallup poll 45% of Americans think that newspapers report unfairly on political and social issues, and 42% think that the TV networks are unfair in the same areas. Many Americans also think the press and TV place too much stress on unpleasant news. Thus the timing was perfect for last week's release of the most comprehensive review of the nation's news media since the report of the Hutchins Commission on Freedom of the Press in 1947.

The report, called *Mass Media and Violence*, was produced by a task force for

organizations to establish internal appeal boards to hear complaints about coverage from any citizen—a proposal that goes far beyond letters to the editor.

For TV, the report suggests that it should be possible to reflect conflicting sides of an issue without necessarily giving those involved equal time. In fact says the report, "the belief that balance, regardless of merits, is required seems to have had a dampening effect on willingness of many broadcast news organizations to treat controversial subjects." Other recommendations for TV seem less realistic. Among them, that the Government provide its Corporation for Public Broadcasting with \$40 mil-

pared for the Violence Commission, this one has been published without the commission's endorsement.

Based on mounds of existing material, public hearings and a three-day private session with some 50 journalists, the report was prepared by people with little experience in journalism. Its section on the news media (there is a larger section on TV entertainment and violence) was written mainly by Robert Baker, 29, a former attorney in the Justice Department. Baker apparently had few illusions about the immediate impact of the report. At the end of his press section, he wrote: "The government can no more legislate good journalism than it can legislate good manners. More important than the adoption of specific suggestions is that each news organization make an independent determination of what is significant."

Dear Dixie

For more than three years, many Southern and Southwestern papers—dailies and weeklies, small-town and big—have printed an editorial slugged "Dear Dixie," purporting to have originated at the conservative Chicago *Tribune*. It is a *mea culpa* for the Northern press's coverage of racial incidents in the South. It begins: "Can you possibly find it in your heart to accept our sincere apology?" And it ends: "Perhaps we have not yet learned fully to appreciate what you have been trying to do—but for whatever belated comfort it may be, from our glass house we will not be throwing any more stones at you." The "editorial," as it turns out, is a fake. Says *Tribune* Editorial Writer John H. Thompson: "We never wrote it, and we don't know how in hell our name got tacked on to it."

The *Tribune* has been trying to disavow the tract ever since it first began to circulate. The actual author of the piece is a right-wing radio commentator named Paul Harvey, and in an editorial on Oct. 11, 1966, the *Tribune* said: "We trust that from now on it will be credited to its proper source." No such luck. Either reassured by its appearance in other papers or convinced by a copy that arrived in the mails, Southern editors have gone ahead and printed it. Meanwhile the *TRIB* has plodded along behind, demanding and usually getting retractions.

Last week the *Tribune* went a step further. When the white Memphis Citizens' Council bought advertising space for the "editorial" in the *Commercial Appeal* and the *Press-Scimitar*, the *Tribune* asked a federal district court for an injunction barring the use of its name in connection with the piece. Harvey's office says that there were a number of requests for copies of the commentary after it had been read on the air on Aug. 3, 1966; he is also aware that the editorial has been falsely attributed. Says Harvey's secretary: "I've seen a letter the *Tribune* sent out denying it. I'm surprised they've gotten so distressed about it."



CAMERAMAN RECORDING VIOLENCE IN N.Y.C.

Proposals considerably beyond letters to the editor.



ROBERT BAKER

the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. Much of it has been said before and it is hardly a model of writing, editing or even proof-reading (typographical errors extend to the title page). Yet the paperback, which weighs nearly two pounds, should interest both the critics and the criticized—though it will likely delight neither.

Appeal Boards. It rebuffs, for instance, those who would have the press and TV ignore protest demonstrations: "Protest is an attempt to communicate to tell the public that the social machine is in trouble. Without media attention, the tensions of change could not be identified, much less alleviated." The report suggests a different way in which press and TV could help decrease demonstrations: by making it easier for would-be protesters to gain access to news columns and airwaves. Specifically, it recommends more attention to regular activities of minority groups, more interpretive reporting on social issues, and the use of part-time reporters within ghettos. It also urges news

organizations to establish internal appeal boards to hear complaints about coverage from any citizen—a proposal that goes far beyond letters to the editor.

Press Council. The report's most sweeping proposal is that a press council, independent of the media and Government (but without disciplinary powers), be set up as a public watchdog for all news outlets. Describing this as "a first step toward government overlordship," the *New York Daily News* cried: "The late Adolf Hitler and Dr. Joe Goebbels would have loved that." The suggestion hardly goes that far, but there are two important counts against it. Such bodies rarely prove effective and, in this particular case, the council's independence might be suspect because its members would initially be appointed by the President.

Action on any of the report's proposals will probably depend on the willingness of the news media to go along, prodded perhaps by public opinion. The task force that prepared the report has no official power. Like other reports pre-

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SCIENCE

The Origin of Relativity

For more than half a century, textbooks have hailed an 1887 experiment performed by the American scientists Albert A. Michelson and Edward W. Morley as the inspiration for Einstein's 1905 Special Theory of Relativity. The two Americans showed that the speed of light is constant despite the motion of its source, a puzzling result that defied the Newtonian physics of the time, but was later explained by Einstein's equations. Yet was Einstein actually guided toward his epochal achievement by the Michelson-Morley experiment? After combing the Einstein archives at Princeton, Physicist-Historian Gerald Holton concludes that the answer is no.

When Einstein died in 1955, he left 25 cabinets filled with personal memorabilia. These documents, Holton writes in the *American Journal of Physics*, include a number of letters in which Einstein speaks of the influence of the experiment on the formulation of his theory; this influence is always described in such words as "negligible," "rather indirect" or "not decisive." Furthermore, toward the end of his life, Einstein appears to have become increasingly determined to demolish the myth. In an unpublished letter written only a year before his death, Einstein said: "I even do not remember if I knew of [the experiment] at all when I wrote my first paper on the subject."

Then how did the misconception arise? In part, says Holton, because of Einstein's own generous tributes to Michelson and Morley, whose work—in retrospect—provided the only experimental confirmation of relativity for many years. But most of the blame rests with the scientific community itself. By trying to fit the evolution of one of the most important scientific concepts of the 20th century into a neat logical sequence, Holton says, textbook writers

(himself included) have nurtured what he calls the "experimental fallacy"—the false notion that theory always flows directly from experiment. In the process, he says, they do not fully recognize the extraordinary intellectual daring of Einstein's equations, and also ignore the great scientist's own explanation of their origin: "There is no logical way to the discovery of these elementary laws. There is only the way of intuition."

Expedition to Eros

Then there was Eros, the cigar-shaped planetoid that swung end over end in an orbit beyond that of Mars, and on, and in which Wilma and I found things that staggered and shattered our imaginations.

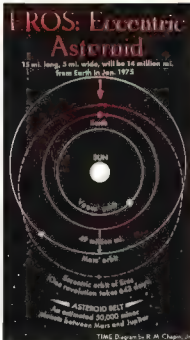
—From *The Collected Works of Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*

As more and more science fiction becomes science fact, the exploits of Buck Rogers seem less and less fanciful. Reviving an old idea, two University of California scientists have now proposed that astronauts follow in the footsteps of Buck and Wilma. Man's next target in space, Hannes Alfvén and Gustaf Arrhenius argue in *Science*, should be one of the tens of thousands of asteroids—or planetoids, as Buck called them—that circle the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

Asteroids, most of them only a few miles in diameter, were once thought to be the debris of a planet that mysteriously broke up. Now scientists are more inclined to believe that they are pre-planetary building blocks that could not develop into a planet because of the powerful gravitational influence of nearby Jupiter. They are also too small to have experienced the geological activity that has obliterated traces of early events on the earth and other planets. Thus, the two scientists suggest, an expedition to an asteroid might yield important clues to the primordial history of the solar system.

Big Leap. The trip would avoid many of the difficulties of planetary exploration. Traveling in highly eccentric orbits, some of the miniature planets occasionally pass millions of miles closer to the earth than either Mars or Venus. A spacecraft would have to use only a small amount of fuel to land on an asteroid and blast off again, a twelve-mile-wide asteroid, for example, would exert about one ten-thousandth of the earth's gravitational pull. Even if a ten-ton spacecraft turned over as it touched down, it could be easily righted.

Asteroid walks would be high adventure. Weighing less than an ounce in full space gear, an astronaut might jump half a mile off the surface before drifting gently back down. But Alfvén and Arrhenius suggest limiting such activity to asteroids at least a mile across.



On smaller asteroids, gravity might be so weak that the jumper would reach escape velocity and soar off into space. With great leaps, the astronaut could also cover more ground. He could probably circumnavigate the little world in a few hours.

If man is to undertake such an adventure in the near future, there is little time to lose. In 1975, Alfvén and Arrhenius note, an asteroid that seems almost ideal for exploration will come within 14 million miles of earth. It is 15 miles long and five miles wide, and will be traveling only 5,600 m.p.h. relative to the earth. That asteroid is Buck Rogers' favorite: Eros.

Peril Point at NASA

Fascinating as the Eros project sounds, NASA may well have to pass up the opportunity. Besieged by criticism and budgetary cutbacks, the space agency announced last week that it would have to trim 50,000 men from its 190,000-man work force, already down by half from the 1966 high of 400,000. Adm. NASA Administrator Thomas Paine. "We are at the peril point."

More than jobs will be lost. After delivery of the last of the 15 Saturn 5s already purchased, NASA plans to suspend production of the mighty rockets. Seven of the eight remaining Saturns will be used for lunar landings, spaced six (instead of four) months apart. The last scheduled mission—Apollo 20—will be scrapped altogether and its rocket used in 1972 to launch an earth-orbiting, three-man space station. Unmanned flights will also feel the squeeze. Project Viking, the long-awaited mission that will land two life-detecting probes on Mars, has been postponed two years, from 1973 to 1975.



EINSTEIN (1940)

Only the way of intuition.

ART

Treasure at Paestum

The Greek temples of Paestum are surrounded by umbrella pines and artichoke fields, and until recently artichokes were the main preoccupation of Farmer Luigi Franco and his son Francesco. Not any more. Last July Francesco broke a plow on what turned out to be the limestone roof of an ancient Lucanian tomb. Such tombs, decorated with the crude paintings of the local tribesmen who made them, have been found before in southern Italy. But this one was different. When excavated by Archaeologist Mario Napoli, superintendent of antiquities for the district of Salerno, the walls of the tomb were found to be covered with accomplished paintings that to Napoli's trained eye, seemed unmistakably Greek.

In the next five months, Professor Napoli unearthed 109 individual tombs with 212 painted panels. Many Greek vase paintings have survived from antiquity, and much Roman wall painting is copied from Greek originals. But the Paestum frescoes, in the opinion of many experts, are the only examples of classical Greek wall painting that have yet been found.

Race Problems. Dated by Napoli as belonging to the period 340-320 B.C. the frescoes are elegant compositions of great vitality in the early classical style. Figures seen in profile are enclosed in lines of exquisite purity, then colored with a few flat shades of red, black, green, yellow ochre and terra-cotta. Professor Napoli believes Greek artists painted them for their Lucanian overlords, who conquered Paestum around 400 B.C. and then fell under the spell of its culture.

Rather than the more familiar mythological subjects of Greek art, the panels depict what appear to be scenes from the lives, deaths and funeral rites of the occupants of the tombs. One, for instance, shows a helmeted warrior seated on a powerful black horse and grasping a banner. He is met by a heavily rouged woman holding a mirror to his face to capture the image of his soul. Another shows a white man with a carefully trimmed beard boxing with a Negro. The black man is getting the worst of the fight, and there is blood on his back. ("The ancients must have had race problems, too," says Napoli.) Six serving women, each with one breast exposed, dance around the bier of their richly dressed mistress—celebrating rather than lamenting her death. In still another panel, two professional soldiers engage in mock combat, flourishing shields and spears.

Saved by Swamp. Oddly enough, Farmer Franco's artichokes helped preserve the 2,300-year-old frescoes from the destruction that has overtaken other Greek mural painting. The Paestum paintings were preserved because its riv-

er silted up and turned the area into a malarial swamp. For centuries, moisture seeping into the tombs from the swampy waters kept the paint from drying up and flaking off the stone walls. When the swamps were filled in 1944, the roots of the artichokes continued to keep the tombs moist.

Structurist for a New Age

In a rambling old house outside the small town of Red Wing, Minn., lives a warm, engaging man whom contemporary critics are finally coming to recognize as one of the important figures of modern American art. Charles Biederman has labored so long in obscurity that he good-naturedly describes himself as "the best known unknown artist in America." Partly because of his geographic isolation from the world's art capitals, and partly because of his prophetic, much maligned theories about art, most of his career has been shadowed by misunderstanding, rumor, and critical hostility.

At long last, the record is being put straight. Last fall the Arts Council of Great Britain accorded Biederman the accolade of a retrospective at London's Hayward Gallery. Proceeding from Biederman's early wrestlings with Cubism to his serene, harmoniously colored structurist reliefs (see color opposite), the British show made clear that 30 years of dogged independence and fierce dedication had paid off in an inner consistency and an all too rare freedom from fashion.

Debt to Europe. For all its anomalies, Biederman's career began conventionally enough. As a youth in Cleveland, he apprenticed in a commercial art studio, then set off for studies at Chicago's Art Institute. Finally, like most artists of the day, he headed for New York. In 1936 he went to Paris. "It was a traumatic experience," Biederman recalls. "I felt I had come too late, that it was all over. I decided that America was the place, with an empty culture, a clean slate." Back home again, he eventually settled in Red Wing, where he took to studying the architecture of hornets' nests and the intricate compositions of flowers in order to understand, he says, "the structure common to all objects in nature." He also worked on a weighty, 696-page tome, *Art as the Evolution of Visual Knowledge*, which he published himself in 1948.

Biederman's insights were at sharp odds with the received doctrines of the day. At a time when American artists were loudly proclaiming their independence, Biederman insisted on their debt to Europe. At a time when the Abstract Expressionists were splashing paint as never before, Biederman declared that the machine was the medium of the future, and that the modern artist ought to be working with plastics, Plexiglas, metal rods. One of the mediums of the future, he predicted, would be electric lights, and as early as 1940 he employed fluorescent



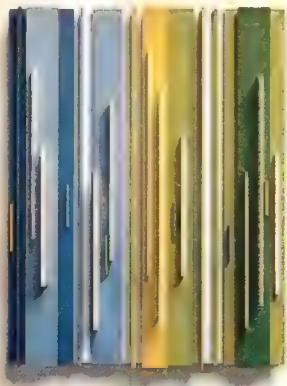
MAN BOXING NEGRO SLAVE



WARRIOR ON BLACK HORSE



SOLDIERS IN MOCK BATTLE
All preserved by artichokes.



STRUCTURIST WORK No. 78 (1952-53)

No. 10 (1939-40)



No. 3 (1937)



No. 45 (1953-68)

How would you like to do a billion dollar corporation a small favor?

Before we tell you the favor, perhaps we should tell you who we are.

We're American National Insurance... the company to remember for life.

In fact, we've been American National since 1906. Back then when we settled on Galveston Island in Texas, nobody knew us.

Today we're the 18th largest life insurance company in the country (Which is nothing to sneeze at when you consider we're number 18 out of 1700). We have branches in 383 cities in 49 states and our life insurance in force totals 10 billion dollars.

The trouble is, nobody knows us. Well, almost nobody. The actual figure, according to Mr. Gallup, is a little less than one person in ten.

All those years, all that hard work and

service... and all we have to show for it is all those billions.

Which brings us to the favor. Drop our name. We don't care where. At the club. In the bar room. At the PTA.

Just work it into the conversation.

Like: "Speaking of the weather, isn't it wonderful how far American National has come in only 80 years?"

Or: "Now that you mention football, when do you think American National will move up to number 17?"

Those are just a few bad examples. We're sure you can do better once you get the hang of it.

And that's that. One little favor. Mention our name.

You've got to admit, that's about as low-cost as a life insurance company can get.



AMERICAN NATIONAL INSURANCE

We just want people to know
who we are.

American National Insurance Company, Galveston, Texas 77550

light fixtures in several works. Art, including his own, might even be mass-produced, he proclaimed—at a moment when American art was glorying in the notion of self-expression. The hook was consequently greeted with the pious outrage so often reserved for heretical documents. Perhaps Biederman's cardinal sin was his polemic against some of the most noted art pundits of the day. There followed many lean and bitter years.

Machine as Medium. Today multiples are the rule, and machine-made art is commonplace. Biederman himself, having grandly declared that both painting and sculpture were obsolete, arrived at what he has come to call "structuralism" reliefs that have the dimension of sculpture and the color of painting



BIEDERMAN IN HIS STUDIO

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Though the machine may be the new medium, it is not supposed to be the end-all. "You look at my work," says Biederman, now 63, "and you don't see technology." What you do see is a perfect balance of angles, colors, shadows, and reflections that provide the dynamics for a rich visual experience. They plainly owe their geometry to Mondrian, their spatial dimensionality to the Russian constructivists, their crisp colors to the De Stijl movement. But by logically extending the discoveries of his predecessors, Biederman has created an art form of his own, with tools unique to his own time.

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EDUCATION

Black Studies: A Painful Birth

SPURRED by last year's dramatic upsurge of black student unrest, hundreds of U.S. colleges and universities have begun to offer new courses in black studies. Halfway through the academic year, the infant programs are suffering sharp birth pains. Conceived in haste, they are often beset by politics, strapped for funds, and short on qualified teachers. Many of them amount to little more than a quick reshuffling of existing courses offered by various departments, and black students sense condescension. Says Brown University Senior Phil Williams of his school's new black studies program: "It's an insult to black people." Above all, on practically every campus the new black studies programs are caught in a conflict over one basic issue: Should black studies stress academics or action? Should the work take place primarily inside the classroom or out in the community?

The story of two institutions that have taken opposite tactics suggests that neither approach offers a guarantee of success. At Harvard, which has emphasized the classroom, many black students feel that the Afro-American studies department is not revolutionary enough, and are thinking of quitting the university. At San Francisco State College, which stresses action, the administration fears that the black studies department is too revolutionary, and is threatening to disband it.

Intellectual Respectability. When Harvard's Afro-American studies program was formed in the midst of last spring's tumultuous student strike, faculty members repeatedly demanded that the courses be "intellectually respectable." That standard, for the most part, was met. The courses carry impressive titles that sound much like the other listings in the Harvard catalogue. The Concept and History of Slavery; Africa in World Politics; History of African Art; and the usual "colloquium" conducted for "concentrators" (i.e., majors) in the department.

In recruiting professors for the program, Harvard chose men who are uniformly competent and in some cases outstanding. The introductory course in black civilization, for example, is being taught by Dr. Ephraim Isaac, a lecturer from Ethiopia who speaks seven languages fluently and holds a number of degrees, including a recent Ph.D. from Harvard. Fred Clifton, another visiting lecturer who teaches a course about Boston's Negro community, is the kind of man blacks more often have in mind when they discuss the "qualifications" that professors in Afro-American studies ought to have. Clifton has only a B.A. degree, but in addition to previous teaching experience (philosophy and sociology

at the State University of New York at Buffalo), he has had practical experience as educational coordinator of Baltimore's Model Cities program.

Liberationist Mentality. The department is directed by Dr. Ewart Guinier, 59, who has degrees from City College of New York, Columbia University and New York University, and came to Harvard after planning ghetto programs at Columbia's Urban Center. Though Guinier agrees that community action must be part of Harvard's approach to Afro-



HARVARD'S ISAAC

Concerned in haste, beset by politics.

American studies, initial progress in that direction has obviously not satisfied militant black students: last fall they took matters into their own hands by thrice occupying University Hall to protest the institution's allegedly racist employment policies.

Black students argue that the goal of Harvard's Afro-American studies should be to build up the black liberationist mentality and teach specific skills that can aid the cause. "The only reason a black majors in Afro-American studies," says Mark Smith, one of six students on the university's 13-member standing committee, "is because he feels it will best enable him to work for his people when he gets out of college." Smith's stark rhetorical question: "Does Harvard, which we regard as part of the oppressor, have the ability to teach black people how to destroy it? I doubt it."

So do many other Harvard blacks, who have begun to wonder whether

any program, no matter how "action-oriented," can build a liberationist mentality in black students who are living in what they regard as a hostile white environment. Some of them are considering transferring to all-black colleges. The five Harvard whites majoring in black studies also feel unwanted. "The blacks think that we're spying on them or something," says Sophomore Jim Collins, who gives good marks to most of his courses but adds that his experience in the introductory "colloquium" has been grim because it was so disorganized. "I might as well have read a few books on the side and not have taken the course," he says.

New Outlook. "The major pitfall of black studies programs as they exist across the country today," says Dr. Nathan Hare, who organized San Francisco State College's program, "is the absence of a revolutionary perspective." The department at San Francisco State has one, though College President Samuel I. Hayakawa failed to renew Hare's contract at the end of last year after a feud.

The department emphasizes Malcolm X more than Margaret Mead, and studies are coordinated with work in the community. A class in black geography, for example, is surveying San Francisco to find out where black people live and what their housing conditions are like; the students hope to publish their findings at the end of the semester. A class on black involvement in scientific development is checking into community health needs and attitudes toward available health care. Students in black journalism are following the treatment of news by the local media and writing stories for *Black Fire*, a Black Panther-style campus newspaper.

Few students feel that the department has ironed out all of its academic problems, but many seem to believe that a good beginning has been made. William Dickson, a black junior who hopes to start law school at Stanford next year, credits the black economics courses with giving him "a whole new outlook" on what he can do to help in the ghetto where he lives. Other students have serious complaints. Bill Insley, a white graduate student, signed up for a black psychology course but dropped it because he wasn't learning any psychology. He complains that the instructor failed to assign a single psychology text and lectured more on politics than anything else. When the instructor announced that students would be required to work either for the Black Panthers' breakfast program or the black student newspaper—neither of which Insley considered pertinent to the study of psychology—he quit.

Disturbed by reports that militant members of the Black Students Union are gaining control of the still-chairmanless department and using it as a training ground for revolution, Dean of Undergraduate Studies Urban Whitaker has been trying unsuccessfully since Sep-

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David Dunsmore examines some of the 14 species of fish found in the Ohio. Controversy provision has helped reduce fish mortality in recent years.

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tember to arrange a group meeting with the black faculty. Unless the faculty meets with him by next Monday, Whitaker has implied, he will stop signing their pay vouchers.

The Professors Strike Back

In the classes of Economics Professor Bernhard Bellinger, they blew their noses in sequence, interrupted lectures to demand that he "stop babbling," and taunted their high-browed teacher by chanting, "Partially bald men are impotent." Organized into "red cells" in many parts of the school, radical students at West Berlin's Free University have been disrupting classes since October to challenge the total classroom authority that full professors enjoy in Germany. Last week the professors answered the attack with their own disruption. In support of Bellinger, 28 of the 30 members of the economics faculty went out on a week-long strike.

Purpose of the strike, said Bellinger, is "to call public attention to the fact that we have no legal protection, that the president refuses to take disciplinary action, that we are confronted with a situation devoid of law." Particularly galling to the strikers is the fact that the president, Rolf Kreibich, 31, is not a full professor, has not even completed his doctorate, and was elected despite the opposition of most professors.

The angry students argue that Bellinger and other professors present conservative views of their subjects, rarely permit questions and allow no class discussion. They are pressing for more flexible tutors and lecturers. The professors retort that the university is already close to anarchy and insist that establishing order is the first priority. What is ultimately at issue is the direction of German university reform.

Experiment and Protest. Since its founding in 1948 as an alternative to Communist-controlled Humboldt University in East Berlin, Free University has led West Germany in both academic experiment and student protest. Last year, in the wake of student disorders, West Berlin's parliament reorganized the administration of the school. The position of rector—a full professor elected to govern the university for two years by his fellow professors—was replaced with a more powerful president elected for seven years by a council of 33 professors, 33 lecturers, 33 students and 15 university employees. Kreibich, who is thought to be a leftist by the professors, an opportunist by the red cells, and has the confidence of neither, must make his office work. After two months as president, he is looking toward next month's spring vacations to ease tensions. If he is forced to call police, he will win support from the professors and please the radicals by driving angry students into their camp. What he may lose is the university, a loss that would cast a pall on the immediate future of higher education in West Germany.



SITE OF PROPOSED CHEMICAL PLANT OPPOSITE HILTON HEAD

The pressure is beginning to pay off.

Troubled Little Island

Hilton Head Island is an unspoiled little Eden off the coast of South Carolina. Once renowned for its cotton crop, it has now been redeveloped as a green enclave of wealth and leisure. Most of the private homes have been built by retired corporate executives. They know about pollution—many of them have run polluting industries.

Now the dirty world has suddenly caught up with the citizens of Hilton Head. Last summer, the American subsidiary of Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik, West Germany's giant chemical company, quietly bought up 1,800 acres on the mainland near Beaufort, less than four miles away, and announced that it was going to build a \$200 million petrochemical complex. It will be South Carolina's largest single industrial development. It also promises to be a big source of pollution.

Fighting Mad. State Senator James Waddell hailed the plant as a "noble experiment," and local businessmen foresee an economic boom. But the men on Hilton Head expect a pall of fumes and a flood of fouled water. Fighting mad, they have forged an alliance with fishermen and resort owners, who are equally worried—pollution could wipe out their livelihood. They argue that tourism alone will provide 40% of the county's income this year and that it is senseless to jeopardize an already thriving industry.

Though B.A.S.F. executives have promised to obey state anti-pollution laws, the islanders are skeptical. As retired Admiral Rufus Taylor explains, "We're not convinced that a chemical plant can control its effluents, or that any state agency or state laws can make it do so." One example that supports

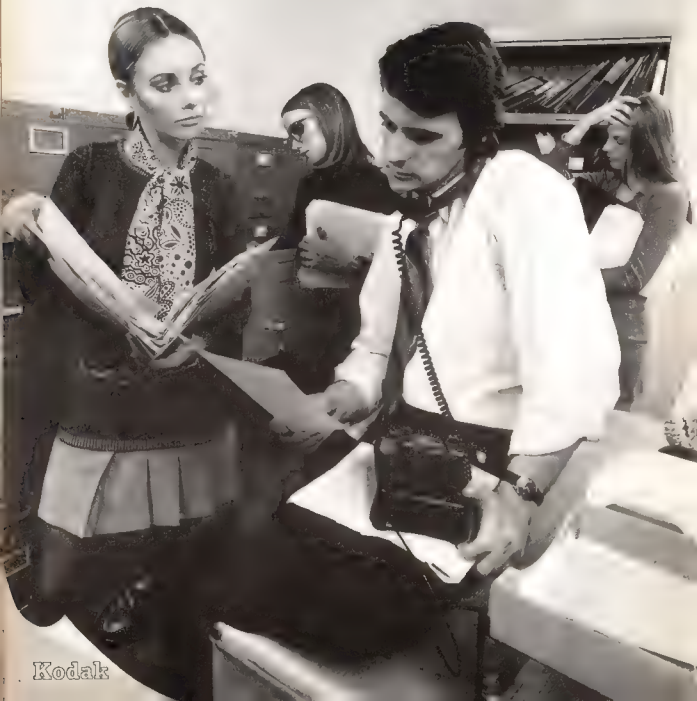
Taylor's claim is a small Tenneco chemical plant operating near Beaufort. A marine biologist recently sampled a downstream creek and found that the water was extremely acidic.

No Swimming. Well aware that corporations abhor bad publicity, the anti-plant forces have hired a full-time publicist to trumpet the consequences of pollution. Recently they called in ecologists from the University of Georgia to chart the plant's potential effects on marine life. Three weeks ago, Ecologist Barry Commoner helped them to organize a symposium on conservation that was attended by representatives from the National Audubon Society. The cause also got a boost from vacationing college students who staged a protest in downtown Beaufort, chanting "Progress without pollution."

The pressure is beginning to pay off, and legal action is likely. Last week a bill was introduced in the South Carolina general assembly that is aimed at halting construction of the B.A.S.F. plant for at least six months. Governor Robert McNair has also ordered the state water resources commission to assess the effects of chemical wastes on the water and nearby marshes.

So far, the company has refused to say much about its plans, which include using 40,000 barrels of naphtha a day brought in by tankers—a prime source of dangerous spills. But the message is beginning to reach B.A.S.F.'s Manhattan headquarters. Says President Hans Lautenschlager: "I live in an unspoiled part of Connecticut and I would feel very bad if a plastic plant polluted that area—I have to feel the same way about Beaufort." Even so, B.A.S.F.'s record in Europe is hardly comforting. Its Ludwigshafen plant dumps 90 mil-

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MANHATTAN TRAFFIC JAM
Popular method of suicide.

lion gallons of partially treated sewage into the Rhine every day; its Antwerp plant has been blamed for helping to make the surrounding water unfit for fishing and swimming.

Invisible Killer

Among modern technology's more unwelcome gifts is a man-made surplus of carbon monoxide, a toxic gas that cannot be seen or smelled. One way CO is formed is by burning any substance that contains carbon—fuel oil, for example, or tobacco. As a byproduct of the incomplete combustion of gasoline, CO is a prime ingredient of auto exhaust, which is the main source of air pollution in big cities.

Scientists have known for a long time that in large amounts the gas severely impairs the ability of the blood's hemoglobin to carry oxygen from lungs to tissues. The result is a loss of energy and a crippling of both mental and physical reactions. Inhaling the gas from auto exhaust has become a popular method of suicide. Now, because the highly industrialized Northern Hemisphere contains more than 90% of the world's CO, U.S. scientists are voicing new concern about its effects.

Smaller Babies. According to a recent report by the National Academy of Sciences, the gas becomes dangerous when it reaches levels of ten parts per million parts of air—a level that is no rarity in today's congested cities. At that point it can harm pregnant women and victims of bronchitis, emphysema and chronic heart disease. A damaged heart, for example, may be unable to compensate for reduced oxygen supply, and death may result. In Chicago and Philadelphia, says John Middleton, a top federal air-control official, the CO danger point "is exceeded throughout one-third to one-half of the day, and in Los Angeles more than

40% of the time." Each day in Los Angeles, cars spew out 20 million pounds of CO—enough to decrease the blood's oxygen-carrying capacity in some people by 20%.

In Manhattan last week, a three-day conference sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences revealed that surprisingly low doses of the gas can be dangerous. Some scientists are even concerned about CO in tobacco smoke as well as auto exhaust. As they see it, the gas may explain why women who smoke cigarettes during pregnancy tend to have smaller babies than nonsmoking mothers.

Dr. Thomas Rockwell, director of Ohio State University's driving-research laboratory, also had bad news for motorists in smoggy areas, whether or not they smoke. Under some conditions, says Rockwell, a driver's perception is dangerously impaired by CO in his blood. He may have trouble detecting when a car ahead is slowing down; he can even fail to notice when its brake lights flash on.

Concern on Campus

Dismay over the decaying state of the environment is fast replacing peace as the gut issue among the nation's young. Underground newspapers that once denounced the Viet Nam War are now aiming their vitriol at the auto. Students are demonstrating to ban everything from pesticides to offshore oil wells. Well versed by now in the techniques of protest, they are even turning to the courts for help. A group of Washington law students recently brought legal action to force the capital's transit authority to muzzle the fumes from its diesel buses.

Those scattered voices of protest are scheduled to be united soon in one chorus of concern. The occasion will be a na-

tionwide "teach-in" on April 22 to dramatize the ecological ills of the earth. The idea for the teach-in was given impetus by Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson last fall in a series of speeches. Since then, a full-time organization called FND (Environment Near Death) has been formed in Washington to coordinate the demonstrations, lectures, and study sessions that will be held on more than 300 campuses. Under the direction of Dennis Hayes, an intense, ascetic activist who was the student-body president of Stanford University last year, the FND staff is taking inventory of the country's polluters. They are also looking into the voting records of individual politicians on environmental issues—an investigation that has already caused some uneasiness on Capitol Hill.

Meantime, several schools are planning their own teach-ins to lead up to the national day. The first teach-in will take place this week at Northwestern University. Because it will be first, "Project Survival" has attracted many leading scientists, including Biologist Barry Commoner, Population Expert Paul Ehrlich and Ecologist Lamont Cole. Northwestern's activists say they expect as many as 10,000 people to attend half-hour sessions throughout the night on such issues as the depletion of natural resources and the psychological problems of overcrowding. The organizers hope to awaken a public awareness that survival itself is at stake. Says Hayes: "We're going to have to bring about some very profound changes in our society."

Saving the Everglades

"An outstanding victory for conservation," said President Nixon last week as his Administration won a six-month fight to save Florida's Everglades National Park. The threat to the unique aquatic park was a huge proposed jetport that promised to pollute the park's water and destroy its ecological balance. Also at stake was the credibility of the Nixon Administration's future policies on conservation.

Now, under federal pressure, the Dade County (Miami) Port Authority has agreed that for three years local authorities may use a single runway already constructed for airline flight training, but only under strict federal supervision to prevent pollution. In addition, the training runway will be closed as soon as another site for the big jetport is found, presumably within three years. While the agreement "affirms the need to conserve our national heritage," said the President, "it does not deny the need for new airport facilities in Florida."

Most conservationists were jubilant; others were not so sure. Since twelve alternative sites have already been studied and discarded, skeptics questioned whether yet another will turn up during the life of last week's agreement. Even so, Washington is clearly determined to help Florida find a safe site before the agreement runs out.

BEHAVIOR

Games Children Play

Take any number of children from six to twelve years old. Give them some idle time. Add some empty space—a city block, a vacant lot, a backyard or a corner of a park—as remote as possible from grownups. What will the children do? Play games, of course. Not the structured contests organized by adults, but games of their own choice and heritage. And if an unobtrusive observer from the adult world keeps a sympathetic ear and eye open, he may recapture some of the fleeting spirit that is the essence of childhood.

This is just what Folklorists Iona and Peter Opie have done in *Children's Games in Street and Playground*, published by the Oxford University Press. For 20 years the husband-and-wife team has been exploring and documenting the cultural patterns that characterize childhood. Their particular flair is an ability to see children's activities from the perspective of the young. Their new book is an expert guided tour of that arcane subculture in which play is as vital as work is to the adult.

Different Needs. From the 10,000 schoolchildren who were their sources, the Opies collected the unwritten rules for 2,500 games that are now played in England, Scotland and Wales, and they traced their historic origins. Like many of the verses in the Opies' now-classic volumes on the origins of nursery rhymes (*TIME*, Dec. 5, 1955), many of today's games are centuries old. Blind-man's buff, ducks and drakes, hide and seek, and tug-of-war were enjoyed by children in Plato's Greece. Ancient Egypt knew the finger-flashing game of paper-scissors-stone, still played around the world—and not only by youngsters. The universality and durability of children's games, the authors say, reveal the traditionalist in every child.

In the adult world, to win is everything, but children's games satisfy different requirements. The participants "seldom need an umpire," write the authors. "They rarely trouble to keep scores, little significance is attached to who wins or loses, they do not require the stimulus of prizes, it does not seem to worry them if the game is not finished. Indeed, children like games in which there is a sizable element of luck, so that individual abilities cannot be directly compared. They like games which restart almost automatically, so that everybody is given a new chance. They like games which move in stages, in which each stage, the choosing of leaders, the picking-up of sides, the determining of which side shall start, are almost games in themselves."

Would-Be Hero. Some games, as the Opies note, are little more than statements of vitality, "made bearable, very often, only by the pride that the young take in the practice of stoicism." This is certainly the case with "kingy," a game the authors rate as the leading unofficial sport of British schoolboys (*see cut*). It is "a ball game in which those who are not He [the "It" in the U.S.] have the ball hurled at them, without means of retaliation, and against ever-increasing odds, an element that obviously appeals to the national character. Anyone who is hit by the ball immediately joins the He in trying to hit the rest of the players."

In a world full of hazards and natural enemies, games of daring entice the would-be hero. The authors exemplify this notion with "last across," "in which, to the consternation of motorists, children line up on a pavement, wait until the leader has selected a particular car or lorry, and then 'when it gets rather close you all run across the road and the one who gets nearest to the front bumper wins.'" Ask the Opies: "Is it just devilment that prompts the

sport, or may it be some impulse of protest in the tribe?" The glory a boy sees in danger "is that it seems to be linked somehow with his becoming mature. If he did not do what was forbidden, how could he be sure he was a person with freedom of choice?"

Double Objective. The Opies have discovered two objectives in all unorganized play. One is social. "A game produces a structure within which a child is able to have relations with his own tribe," says Peter Opie. "It is an essential function through which a new arrival will find his place."

The other objective is individual. "Games give the child a chance of studying his position relative to the rest of the world without getting hurt by it. He can experience virtually all the incidents and emotions of life in play. He can throw stones or kiss, for instance, without risk."

Games are thus a preparation for life, but on the child's terms. The wise adult will not interfere. "In the long run," the Opies write, "nothing extinguishes self-organized play more effectively than does action to promote it. It is not only natural but beneficial that there should be a gulf between the generations in their choice of recreation." More than anything else, the Opies' book is an appeal to grownups everywhere to preserve that valuable gulf.

Mass Hysteria

The epidemic that struck the staff of London's old Royal Free Hospital in 1955 was explosive. Within two weeks, the number leaped from five victims to more than 100. The hospital had to be closed to new patients on July 25, and it stayed shut until October. More than 100 cases were recorded, two-thirds of them severe enough to require hospital treatment. Virtually all of the physical symptoms fitted the concept of an infectious disease: headache, sore throat, malaise, dizziness, nausea and vomiting, diarrhea. Since the Royal Free's expert microbiol-



THE OPIES & FRIENDS



BRITISH SCHOOLBOYS PLAYING KINGY

A statement of vitality, a preparation for maturity.

ogists could find no bacteria to blame, they concluded that the cause of the outbreak was an even smaller and more elusive germ, an unidentified virus.

Not so, say two psychiatrists who have combed the voluminous records of the Royal Free outbreak and more than a dozen like it that have been reported recently. In fact, they suggest in the *British Medical Journal*, the outbreak was a classic case of mass hysteria. It falls into the same category as the dancing manias of Germany in the Middle Ages or the Neapolitans' tarantella.

Laboratory Logic. Why did it take so long for the diagnosis to be made? Mainly because in the '50s no one expected to see such behavior in developed countries, least of all among sophisticated personnel in a great medical center. In an age of scientific medicine, it seemed much more logical to send specimens to the laboratory and put them under the microscope.

The Royal Free's doctors had good reason for beginning with a strictly medical approach. Some of the victims' symptoms included loss of feeling in the extremities and severe muscle weakness. In a few cases with paralysis poliomyelitis was suspected—reasonably enough, since there was an outbreak of polio in the area. The eventual consensus was that some form of encephalitis had struck.

Still, Drs. Colin P. McEvedy and Alfred Beard suggest that the Royal Free doctors were wrong in concentrating on their tongue depressors and throat swabs and ignoring the emotional factors. For one thing, none of the victims died or even had a high fever, a most unlikely finding in an infectious epidemic. The known presence of polio in the area, say the psychiatrists, had made the hospital population fearful. After that, "anxiety must have been self-propagating and mass hysteria the major factor at work."

No Slur. What virtually clinches their explanation, they feel, is the distribution of the malady within the hospital. Among 600 men, only five cases were rated as severe, for an attack rate of 0.8%, whereas among 1,760 women there were 193, or 11%. Most of the victims were nurses under 30. This fits the pattern of similar epidemics, including one at Los Angeles County Hospital in which 78% of the victims were nurses. Other outbreaks have been in girls' schools and a school for midwives.

"The diagnosis of hysteria in its epidemic form is not a slur on either the individuals or the institution involved," says McEvedy and Beard. "Whereas it is true that sporadic cases of hysterical disability often have disordered personalities, the hysterical reaction is part of everyone's potential and can be elicited in any individual by the right set of circumstances. A mass hysterical reaction shows not that the population is psychologically abnormal but merely that it is socially segregated and consists predominantly of young females."

The Pill on Trial

Few subjects are more likely to attract widespread TV and press coverage than an investigation of the dangers of the Pill now used by 9,000,000 women in the U.S. alone. In full awareness of that fact, Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson used his monopoly subcommittee last week to conduct a highly publicized investigation of the oral contraceptive that at times seemed more like a trial than an empirical examination of the available medical evidence.

The subcommittee's announced intent, according to Nelson, was to "explore the question whether users of birth control pills are being adequately informed concerning the Pill's known health hazards." The fact is, they are not—e.



CRITIC DAVIS

Monkeys racing against women?

ther by the Pill's proponents or by its crusading critics. And as Nelson pointed out: "It is important that women be informed about all aspects of use of the Pill so that they are able to make an intelligent, personal decision about its use."

Fallopian Fallacy. But when Nelson lined up his witnesses, adamant critics outnumbered defenders by seven to one. Most conspicuously missing from the roster was Harvard's Dr. John Rock, co-developer of the Pill, a conscientious Roman Catholic and a thoughtful advocate of research to reduce the Pill's admitted and harmful side effects.

Nelson chose as his lead-off witness Dr. Hugh J. Davis, an assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Johns Hopkins University. Since 1962 Davis has specialized in intra-uterine devices (IUDs) and he is one of the inventors of a ring device not yet on the market. Davis argued that "breast cancers have been induced in at least five dif-

ferent species of animals by treatment with the same synthetic hormones being marketed in the oral contraceptives. Every important agent which has a carcinogenic [cancer-causing] effect in humans has been shown to cause cancer in animals. There is no reason," Davis insisted, "to presume that the single exception will turn out to be the oral contraceptives." Neither Nelson nor the only other Senator present, New Hampshire's Thomas J. McIntyre, caught Davis up on what might be called a Fallopian fallacy: while it is correct to say that everything known to cause cancer in man also causes cancer in animals, the converse is not true.

There is as yet no conclusive evidence that the Pill causes cancer, although it may eventually be shown to do so—just as cigarette smoking was prevalent for 50 years before its link to lung cancer was established. Researchers are testing the Pill's hormones on animals which are expected to provide answers much sooner than they could be derived from studying human patients. This research prompted Dr. Roy Hertz of Rockefeller University to comment: "The ultimate outcome of this race between dogs, monkeys and women can be anticipated by informed observers only with the greatest apprehension." Harvard's Dr. Robert W. Kistner, the only pro-Pill witness called, testified that the supposedly "precancerous" cervical cell changes detected in women on the Pill are the same as those occurring spontaneously in women who are pregnant—and even in newborn babies. But Kistner also declared that in endometriosis (a painful overgrowth of the lining of the womb), one of the two hormones in the Pill "may have marked protective effects" against the development of cancer.

CLOTS and Cramps. Although the hearing droned on for two days, with further testimony scheduled for two more weeks, there was little chance that any new medical evidence on the safety of the Pill would be presented.* For example, the Pill's opponents claimed that its annual toll among British users is 30 deaths per million. Even if this figure is confirmed for Britain and the U.S.—which has not yet happened—there will be no way of knowing how many of those women would have died from complications of pregnancy, childbirth or illegal abortion if they had not taken the Pill. And although medical scientists still have much

* Two types are approved for general prescription: 1) 21 daily combination pills containing synthetic equivalents of the hormones progesterone and estrogen, with the latter in a microscopic dose; 2) sequential pills, which provide tablets of an estrogen alone for 14 to 16 days, followed by five to seven combination tablets. A third variety, the "one-every-day" pill of progestin (progesterone equivalent) only, is being tested but is not yet licensed for U.S. prescription.

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to learn about the effects of the Pill in its various forms, some facts now seem clear.

Because the Pill consists of two powerful hormones, it is likely to have more side effects than most other drugs. The immediate effects of which women complain most frequently are weight gain, breast tenderness and changes in sex drive (both increase and decrease). These symptoms usually subside within three months. Far more significant is what the Pill can do to the blood-clotting mechanism. Its use can cause clot formation in a leg vein (thrombophlebitis or phlebotrombosis), signaled by painful cramps. This condition may be temporarily incapacitating but is not immediately dangerous. A far greater hazard is that such a clot may be dislodged, then travel through the right side of the heart to the lungs and cause pulmonary embolism—a frequently fatal condition. Equally dangerous is obstruction of one of the brain's arteries by a clot—the commonest form of stroke, with a high risk of incapacity or death.

In some cases the Pill raises an unstable blood pressure so abruptly and severely as to cause a blowout in a brain artery—the hemorrhagic type of stroke. Another vascular disturbance is the migraine headache, which results from dilation of peripheral arteries in the head. Any woman who has ever had migraines is likely to find that they strike more often and more severely after she goes on the Pill. Others may suffer their first, alarming and hideously painful migraine when taking the Pill. Among other "contraindications," as doctors call them, are diabetes, liver disease, breast cancer and possibly rheumatoid arthritis. Serious allegations against the Pill which cannot yet be proved or disproved are that it may cause genetic changes, or damage the fetus, as does thalidomide.

Bad Medicine. Of all the reported side effects, the one of deepest concern to young women who have not had all the children they want, is that after they stop taking it their fertility may be reduced. Pro-Pill parenthood planners share this concern. There is indeed a definite suppression of fertility in some women who fail to menstruate or ovulate for a year or two after dropping the Pill. But the true incidence of Pill-induced infertility cannot yet be measured. Kistner points out, because if a woman has never had a child before going on the Pill and does not conceive afterward, she may be among the 10% to 15% of women who are naturally infertile. Even after having borne one child, Kistner said, 7% to 8% of women cannot conceive again.

The most glaring defect in discussion of the Pill has been the slight attention, if any, given to the failure of too many U.S. doctors to study their patients before prescribing it. When a woman aged 15 to 45 asks a physician for the Pill, she is almost invariably handed a pre-

scription that is often, in practice, refillable indefinitely. This is bad medicine. A conscientious doctor will ask the woman, if he does not already know, whether she has had any blood tests, and whether they showed anything unusual about her blood sugar or clotting. Has she had high blood pressure or migraine headaches? If her mother is not still living, the cause of her death and the age at which she died are relevant. If alive, does her mother have high blood pressure, phlebitis or severe headaches?

Then the doctor can quickly decide whether the Pill carries an unacceptable risk for this particular patient. If it does, he is ethically obliged to refuse her the prescription and to suggest some other contraceptive such as a diaphragm.



PROPOSER ROCK
How many deaths otherwise?

or IUD. If all U.S. doctors followed these rules they could avert many, perhaps a majority, of the severe and fatal Pill reactions now being reported.

Two other measures now under consideration could reduce the harmful effects still further. British research, cited repeatedly at Nelson's hearings, suggests that the risk of clotting is somewhat greater with the sequential pills. It is also directly related to the amount of estrogen in either type of Pill, and is markedly increased if the estrogen component is more than 50 micrograms (less than two millionths of an ounce). Britain has already officially discouraged the dispensing of pills with any higher estrogen content. By this reasoning, women in the U.S. would find themselves limited to seven out of the 20 oral contraceptives now on the market. The "one-every-day" Pill containing no estrogen should virtually eliminate clotting risks, though it will still require intensive study of other side effects. As, in fact, do all potent drugs.

MILESTONES

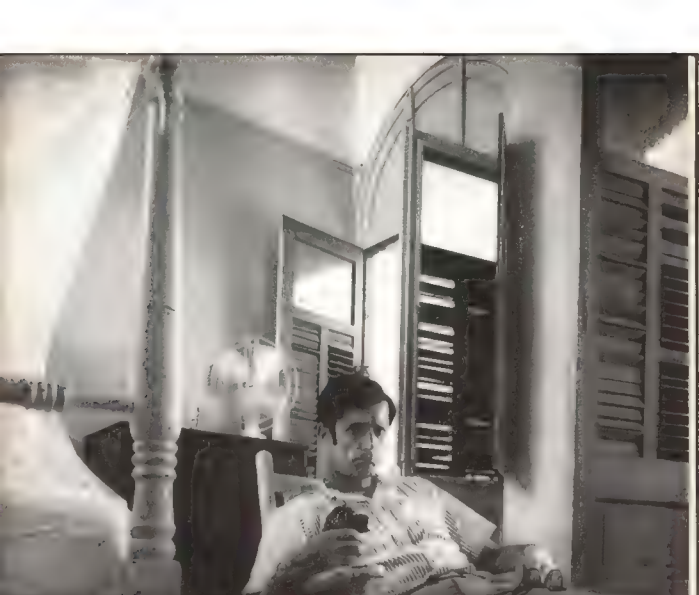
Born. To Luci Johnson Nugent, 22, I.B.J.'s younger daughter, and Patrick Nugent, 26, a junior executive with the Johnson family's radio station; their first daughter, second child, in Austin, Texas. Name: Nicole Marie.

Died. Johnny Murphy, 61, general manager of the New York Mets during their phenomenal rise to baseball's world championship; of a heart attack, in Manhattan. A onetime ace relief pitcher for the New York Yankees, Murphy joined the hapless Mets as a scout in 1961 and took over as G.M. six years later. He helped land Gil Hodges as field manager, traded for such stars as Donn Clendenon, Tommie Agee and Al Weiss. Perhaps most important of all was his refusal last spring to trade Pitchers Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman, who subsequently performed the miracle of Shea Stadium.

Died. Harry MacGregor Woods, 73, prolific songwriter of the '20s and '30s, whose many hits included *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*, *I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover*, *When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bohnn*, *Along, Side by Side* and *Never Saw Away from My Door*; of injuries suffered when he was struck by a car, in Phoenix, Ariz.

Died. Frank Folsom, 75, president of RCA Corp. from 1949 to 1957, whose merchandising genius sparked the television boom of the '50s; of liver cancer; in Scarsdale, N.Y. After joining RCA in 1944, Folsom reasoned that the job of selling TV, then little more than an expensive toy, was a job for the entire industry, not RCA alone; he therefore let competitors in on his plans for a low-priced set, then in the scramble that followed captured a lion's share of the market with such innovations as the contract system of servicing. When he retired as president, RCA's gross income had risen from \$397 million in 1949 to \$1.1 billion, largely as a result of TV sales, and the company was No. 1 in its field.

Died. William T. Piper, 89, light-plane pioneer whose ubiquitous Piper Cubs put flying within reach of thousands and earned him the sobriquet "Henry Ford of aviation"; of heart disease; in Lock Haven, Pa. Piper's first Cubs lifted off the airstrip in 1931. Though slow, drafty and frail, they were easy to fly and, more important, cost only \$1,325. By 1940, four out of every five pilots had learned to fly in Cubs; after World War II, thousands were sold to weekend flyers, starting a light-plane boom that has now grown to \$425 million annually. Piper Aircraft's share; more than 4,000 planes in 16 models worth close to \$100 million last year.



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WEDDING



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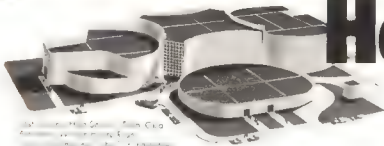
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BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Slowdown and the Consumer

With a certain note of cheer that the Administration's deflationary policy is finally working, Commerce Department officials reported last week that the economy's growth ground to a halt in the last three months of 1969. The gross national product increased by \$10.3 billion in that period but, after price increases were taken into account there was no "real" growth. Other signs of slowdown were plentiful. In December industrial production declined for the fifth straight month, and new housing starts dropped slightly to an annual rate of 1,245,000, which was the year's lowest point. At the same time, personal income made its smallest gain of the year. Just when all this will really bring inflation under control remains to be seen. Last week Bethlehem Steel for example, posted 5% price increases for some of its products.

One big reason for the economy's slowdown is that U.S. consumers are beginning to strike back at inflation with their ultimate weapon, refusal to buy U.S.-made cars as what consumers are most conspicuously not buying. Last fall, automen gambled that they could raise prices an average of 6% and still keep sales high. They lost. Though sales of less expensive imports continue to rise, dealers have sold fewer U.S.-made cars for the past three months than a year earlier. Sales were off almost 10% in December and 22% in the first ten days of January. Detroit reduced production last month to 611,700 cars, the lowest output for any December since 1960, but the cutback was not enough

to keep dealers from being overstocked. They have enough unsold cars to last 60 days at the current sales rate v. a 49-day supply only a month earlier. In an effort to revive sales, automakers are sponsoring unusually lavish contests for dealers. For example, the 500 Chevy dealers who sell the most cars in this year's first two months will win free trips to Europe with their wives.

The consumer resistance movement is hurting all kinds of retailers. Christmas business was disappointing, and in 1969 as a whole the actual unit volume of retail sales declined. Prospects are little better for the first half of 1970. The National Retail Merchants Association predicts that sales will rise about 4% to 5% from last year's first half, but selling prices will go up by about the same amount, so volume will show no real gain. Personal incomes will increase by \$8 billion in this year's first six months as a result of the decrease in the surtax and the increase in Social Security benefits. Government officials are counting on this infusion of cash to help keep the business slowdown from turning into a recession. But U.S. consumers may be waiting for better values before really opening their wallets again.

Some Price Cuts. A few such values are beginning to appear. Sears, Roebuck did not raise prices on the great majority of the hundreds of thousands of items in the spring-summer catalogue that it is now mailing to 12 million customers; indeed, the company reduced prices by 5% to 10% on a few hundred items. Botany Industries cut suggested retail prices on two fall lines of men's suits, starting them at \$100 and

\$150, compared with \$115 and \$165 last year. As yet, these scattered reductions represent only the beginning of a minor countertrend to inflation. Most department stores say they are not reducing prices by any unusual amount in their current January sales. There is some potential for further cuts because retailers who experimented with unusual sales before Christmas were both pleased and surprised by the results. Says Donald Buckingham of Los Angeles, president of the Robinson's department-store chain: "We found that the public responded more to price reductions than to any other form of promotion." Retailers may yet rediscover the oldest sales axiom of all: the way to increase business is to decrease prices.

IBM Gauges the Climate

To predict the likely 1970 performance of the U.S. economy, IBM executives last week set their computers to work. They fed in the latest economic statistics and some assumptions, and the computers came out with what sounded like a weather-bureau forecast of precipitation probabilities. In IBM's book, the four possibilities, and the chances of them, are:

Continued Boom	10%
Recession	15%
Minor Recession	20%
Slow Growth	
But No Recession	55%

The actual outcome, says IBM Vice President David Grove, who is a member of the TIME Board of Economists, depends mostly on a couple of factors: how much businessmen will spend for new plant and equipment and how much the reduction and later elimination of

UNSOLD NEW CHRYSLERS ON STATE FAIRGROUNDS IN DETROIT



the 10% tax surcharge will stimulate consumer spending. That raises the four possibilities:

1) If consumers spend most of their tax savings, and businessmen stick to their current plans to increase capital investment by 7% or 8%, the gross national product would probably rise to \$988 billion or more, v. \$932 billion in 1969. Result? a boom

2) If consumers use the tax reduction to increase savings rather than spending, and a credit crisis forces businessmen to cut capital spending rather than raise it, GNP would rise only to about \$966 billion. Higher prices would account for all the "growth," but real output would fall enough to produce a recession—worse than 1960-1961, not so bad as 1957-58.

3) If businessmen raise capital spending a bit, but consumers save rather than spend, GNP would come to \$970-\$975 billion. In that case, the nation would suffer a minor recession—at least according to the current technical definition of a "recession" as a drop in real output for two successive quarters.

4) What Grove thinks will really happen—his 55% shot—is that consumers will spend their tax savings, but businessmen will increase plant and equipment outlays only by about 3%. The computers, which translated Grove's assumptions into specific GNP figures, calculated that the total would then be between \$975 billion and \$988 billion, most likely around \$981 billion, or 5% above 1969. Grove, who interpreted the computers' findings, says that such a GNP range would mean slow growth in real output and a profit squeeze—but no recession.

MONEY

Big Days for The Scourge of the Banks

A new session of Congress will begin this week, and it could very well turn out to be the biggest one yet for the leading scourge of the financial establishment, Wright Patman. For most of his 42 years in Congress, Texas Democrat Patman, 76, has flailed away at banks and the Federal Reserve Board as the main sources of almost every conceivable economic trauma. Now that those institutions are being severely criticized because of the current credit crisis, Patman, as chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, is flexing his political muscle as he rarely has before.

Two months ago, under Patman's prodding, the House passed a tough bill to break up one-bank holding companies, through which nearly every major bank in the U.S. has taken steps to diversify into such highly profitable fields as insurance, mutual funds, travel agencies, equipment leasing and data processing. Last month, Congress passed the 1969 Tax Reform Act, which not only imposed a sharp tax increase on banks but also deprived them of the flex-

ibility that bankers regard as important in managing investment portfolios. There is a distinct possibility that the banking system will be confronted with even more adverse legislation this year. Within a few weeks, either Patman's banking committee or a blue-ribbon commission of legislators, Administration officials and experts is expected to open major hearings on the entire U.S. financial structure. All this constitutes a personal triumph for Patman, a self-styled "money nut," who had long been regarded by many critics as an intellectual scold or a crank advocate of easy money for everybody. Today nobody laughs at Patman, least of all the bankers. "The time has come for me," says Patman in his misleadingly benign way, "and I'm going right on."

Most of all, Patman is going on in his crusade to strip the Federal Re-



WRIGHT PATMAN

Nobody laughs any more.

serve Board of its independence and many of its powers. At a time when it bears the main burden of the fight against inflation, the Federal Reserve has come under public scrutiny as never before, partly because of admitted errors in the past and partly on the ground that it has carried monetary restraint so far as to create the danger of recession. Says Economist Henry Kaufman of the Manhattan bond house of Salomon Brothers & Hutzler, "Success in 1970 is virtually a necessity for the survival of the Federal Reserve System."

Next week, to Patman's undisguised delight, Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin will reach the legal limit for time on the job and will retire. Washington will miss the frequent confrontations between Martin and Patman at hearings of the banking committee; on one occasion, Patman condemned Bill Martin as "the most disastrous influence in American history."

Patman has no such animus toward the new chairman of the board, Economist Arthur Burns, whose economic expertise he respects.

Whatever his feelings about Chairman Burns, Patman can be expected to continue badgering the Federal Reserve System. Every year since 1934, he has introduced his pet bill to reform it. The present version would force the board, which now sets its own budget and finances its operations mainly from the interest on its holdings in Government bonds, to come to Congress for annual appropriations. Patman would also disband the Open Market Committee, through which the board controls the money supply, reduce the term of board members from 14 years to five, and make the chairman's term expire with that of the President who appoints him. For years Patman has argued that the Government should increase the money supply at a steady rate of perhaps 4% a year, rather than permit the Federal Reserve to expand or contract it by greater amounts. He says that his aim is to "return control of our monetary policy to the President and Congress" and "rid the Reserve System of its tight-money bias."

Populist Roots. Patman's tireless advocacy of easier credit long ago gained him renown as "the last of the great Populists." The Populist fallacy—the bigger the money supply, the more for everybody—lost its national appeal after the election of 1896, but strains of it persist in the rural America where Patman has his roots. He was born in Patman's Switch, a Texas, the son of a struggling farmer. He earned enough money as a sharecropper and insurance salesman to take a law degree at Tennessee's Cumberland University. As district attorney in Texarkana, his present home, he so energetically attacked vice and gambling during the 1920s that a squad of Texas Rangers was sent to protect him from underworld assassins.

Most of Patman's constituents seem less interested in his assaults on the Federal Reserve than in his success at bolstering the shaky economy of his piney woods district by obtaining pork-barrel projects. A tireless worker, he goes to his office seven days a week, puts in ten hours each weekday. Despite his reputation for vituperative oratory, Patman in person seems more like a grandfatherly American archetype: Baptist, Mason, Elk, Shriner, Eagle and American Legionnaire (all of which he is). Briefly a widower, Patman two years ago married a Texarkana widow in her 70s, whom he had dated as a teen-ager. People who know him only from bombastic broadsides are often surprised at his cherubic smile, soft voice and gentle blue eyes.

Concentrated Power. Since 1963, Patman has run his banking committee like a fief. He often gets away with over-

* A onetime switching point on the Katy Railroad, named for his forebears.

simplifications and half-truths because so few Americans, in or out of Congress, fathom the intricacies of finance. Many bankers contend that Patman thoroughly misunderstands how the U.S. banking system operates. They argue that some of his proposed reforms would yoke the Federal Reserve to policies of permanent inflation by depriving the board of its ability to take unpopular actions. Still, Economists John Kenneth Galbraith, Seymour Harris and several others support Patman's idea of placing the Reserve Board under presidential control.

One trouble is that such a tidy arrangement collides with the fundamental American proposition that led to a government of checks and balances: beware of power concentrated in the hands of one man. The patchwork U.S. banking system is overdue for an overhaul, but hardly the kind that Patman has in mind. The danger is that Patman's polemics may splatter his financial foes with mud and lead to a legislative muddle. For all that, even his opponents have considerable admiration for Patman. Federal Reserve Vice Chairman James L. Robertson once complimented him for "keeping the System on its toes." Beyond dispute, Patman's often flamboyant investigations have roused people to think about important problems, particularly the shortcomings of the Government's monetary policies.

CORPORATIONS

Proxies for Protesters

Entrenched managements usually try to brand those who start proxy fights as "raiders" or, in the epithet applied by Montgomery Ward executives to Louis Wolfson and associates, "financial pirates." Executives of Minneapolis-based Honeywell Inc. can hardly take that line against one discontented stockholder. He is Charles Pillsbury, 22-year-old scion of the family that founded the flour-milling Pillsbury Co. Far from seeking control of Honeywell, young Pillsbury, a senior in Latin American studies at Yale, is trying to convert the proxy fight into an instrument of protest against the Viet Nam War.

Father Knows Best. Though Honeywell is best known for its automatic controls, it also manufactures some military equipment, including fragmentation bombs. Pillsbury, who owns 101 Honeywell shares, contends that these bombs have killed many innocent Vietnamese civilians. Last June he joined the "Honeywell Project," a group of Minneapolis radicals that has tried to pressure the company to stop bomb production by staging demonstrations at plants. Pillsbury did not participate in the picketing. Instead, last month he filed suit in a Minneapolis court to win the right to inspect the list of Honeywell's other shareholders. He wants to solicit their proxies for Honeywell's April 28 annual meeting, with the aim of electing at least one director who



STOCKHOLDER PILLSBURY
Against the grain.

would vote to stop the manufacture of bombs.

Pillsbury says that he got the idea in a conversation with his father, a former Pillsbury Co. group vice president, who pointed out to him the rights of a stockholder. His parents still play tennis with Honeywell Chairman James Binger, and young Pillsbury concedes that Honeywell executives "really believe that they are being good citizens in honoring the request of the Government. He insists that he has no intention of demanding that Honeywell default on its present bomb contracts, but only that it make no new ones.

Emancipated Executives. Consciously or not, Pillsbury is staging a trial run for an idea of Saul Alinsky's, the radical organizer. Alinsky says that he is try-

ing to induce "some leading left-wing economists and emancipated corporation executives" to help him form an organization called Proxies for People. It would solicit proxies from foundations, mutual funds, union welfare funds, churches and universities, and vote them to compel corporations to pursue such social goals as ending pollution. Alinsky says that he is getting voluntary proxies every day from individual sympathizers—and telephone calls from worried and presumably unemancipated corporation executives sounding him out about his intentions.

OIL

The Fight over Quotas

The newest and hottest oil scramble last week centered on what has traditionally been one of the industry's most lucrative fields of endeavor: Washington. At issue is the Nixon Administration's policy, now in the formative stage, for dealing with the flow of cheap foreign oil into the U.S. The report of a Cabinet Task Force recommending changes in the current system of restrictive import quotas is expected to land on the President's desk this week. Its contents are officially secret, but enough details have already leaked to roil the industry and start what promises to develop into a fierce debate.

The stakes are enormous, primarily because Middle Eastern oil costs about \$2 per bbl. v. U.S. oil's \$3.30. Since 1959, the U.S. has held down imports from all sources to 21% of domestic consumption—in effect assuring a market for high-cost Texas and Louisiana oil at the consumer's expense. Protecting domestic oil producers through quotas on low-cost imports adds an estimated \$4 billion to \$5 billion a year to prices paid by the users of gasoline, fuel oil and other products.

There is no doubt that the quota system is in need of drastic change. Permits to import oil are handed out by the Government to individual U.S. refiners. The system of distributing permits is wide open to favoritism, and the companies that get permits can make fortunes by selling cheap foreign oil at the U.S. price. That gives refiners a reason to resist changes in the system.

Move to Tariffs. The report of Nixon's Task Force, headed by Labor Secretary George P. Shultz, will probably not be made public until February. But it is believed to recommend a gradual phase-out of the quotas in their present form and their replacement with tariffs. These duties would be set so as to bring the total price of foreign oil landed in the U.S. to about \$3 per bbl., or roughly 30% lower than the present domestic price of \$3.30. Theoretically, domestic producers would have to lower their own prices to meet the foreign competition, and Washington could force them to cut still further by lowering the tariff later on. To assure that the U.S. would not be swamped by foreign



ORGANIZER ALINSKY
Some collars are worried.



BUILDING PIPELINE IN SAUDI ARABIA
Protectionism is the issue.

oil, some overall ceiling on imports would also be imposed.

An advantage of a tariff system is that it would allow the Government rather than the oil refiners to collect the difference between the price of imported and domestic oil. On the other hand, a possible disadvantage of the current plan is that it would be discriminatory: the tax would be higher for Middle Eastern oil than for Venezuelan or Canadian oil, largely because the Government does not want the U.S. to become dependent upon Middle Eastern sources of supply.

World Control Center. One articulate critic of the Task Force plan is Walter J. Levy, dean of oil consultants, who argues that Middle Eastern governments might well object to a tariff that discriminates against them. The tariff itself would involve mind-boggling complexity to cover varying costs of production and shipping. It would also require frequent adjustments to take account of the Defense Department's calculation of the reliability of supplies from each producing country.

Levy's most compelling argument is that tariffs "would make the U.S. Government the world oil-control center." Decisions limiting how much oil each region could sell in the U.S. would be made primarily by the Government and not by companies simply seeking the cheapest oil with which to fill their quotas. "Every oil decision would become a foreign policy decision," says Levy. He also raises the prospect that oil-producing countries, rather than let the U.S. collect more in oil tariffs than they do in oil royalties and taxes, might raise their own share of the take. Such an increase would lead to higher prices and would be particularly costly to European and Japanese customers, who de-

pend much more on Middle Eastern oil than the U.S. does. (Others argue that competition would continue to keep foreign prices down.)

Levy contends that carefully liberalized quotas would bring down prices but would not present as many problems as a tariff system. Higher quotas, however, might just increase the size of the unearned bonanza awarded annually to U.S. refiners in import permits.

Looking to Alaska. The real issue is protectionism and the conflicting pressures, demands and interests of domestic and foreign producers, as well as consumers. If all controls were abolished, foreign crude would inundate the U.S. and put domestic producers out of business. Though the domestic producers have drunk long and deeply at Washington's subsidy well, they do provide insurance against foreign price rises. There is also the balance of payments to consider and the claims of Canada and Venezuela to a continuing place in the U.S. market.

At bottom, both the current debate and the historic justification for import restrictions rest primarily on a highly questionable assumption: that Texas and Louisiana producers must be protected to provide a reliable supply of oil in time of emergency. The argument has become increasingly threadbare. The U.S. has varied and reliable sources of supply, including Canada and Venezuela, and Alaska North Slope oil will be coming on stream in 1975. That would be enough to assure supplies through anything but a nuclear war, when the question would probably be irrelevant.

The policy of holding down imports is often called illogical, since it encourages depletion of the same domestic wells that the Government wants to conserve. Another effect has been to encourage the search for ever more costly and marginally economic wells in the U.S. Proponents of restriction continue to argue that the U.S. should not become overly dependent on Middle Eastern oil sheiks, or beholden to them in its foreign policy. But, since Middle East crude now accounts for only 3% of U.S. oil consumption, there is obviously room for much expansion of imports without tying the U.S. too close-

ly to possibly erratic overseas sources of supply.

The final decision is Nixon's alone, and it is likely to be as much political as economic. The President will no doubt be pressed to take into account the campaign contributions of oilmen, and the importance of the oil-producing Southwest to Republican political strategy. But unlike President Eisenhower, who established the quotas in the first place, Nixon now must also consider the rising resentment of consumers who are being overcharged to protect and provide so generously for a high-cost and overly privileged domestic industry.

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In Vergennes, Vt., churchgoers can charge their donations on a credit card, and in Denver women can use their cards to charge a visit to a gynecologist. In Phoenix, the accused can arrange bail on a card, and citizens of Walnut Creek, Calif., can charge at least three dozen city fees, from business licenses to civic theater tickets. Last week the last word in the credit-card way of life was announced in ten states. U.S. income taxes up to \$500 can now be charged on either a BankAmericard or Master Charge card where banks are willing to cooperate.

BankAmericard's new plan will be available in California, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. Cardholders will receive by mail 7-1/2-in. by 3-1/2-in. cards—actually bank drafts already made out to the IRS—to complete and attach to their 1040 forms. The IRS will deposit the drafts in banks participating in the plan. Cardholders can then pay BankAmericard in one lump sum or in monthly installments at a 15% annual interest rate.

A similar plan—offered by Master Charge in the states of Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, North Dakota, Wyoming—will provide about the same services for interest rates up to 18% annually. As soon as arrangements can be made, the idea is likely to spread to other states, allowing cardholders briefly to escape the immediate and full payment of federal taxes.

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Russia's Trouble with Reforms

IF Nikita Khrushchev had been an accurate prophet, the Soviet Union would now be starting the year in which its citizens would overtake Americans in material prosperity. Actually, Soviet shoppers still encounter frustration searching for products that U.S. citizens find in abundance. Moscow residents these days find few eggs and little flour in the stores. They may have to try two or three shops to locate as necessary an item as a light bulb. Russia's economic leaders admit that they have fallen far short of reaching not only Khrushchev's utopian targets for 1970, but even the more modest goals they set for themselves in 1966.

In Khrushchev's day, for example, Moscow predicted a 1970 output of as much as a trillion kilowatt hours of electricity; the goal was later reduced to 850 billion and last month was lowered again to 740 billion. Output per man-hour, which Khrushchev had boasted would surpass the U.S. level by this year, has been growing at a slower rate for the past two years and stands at only 43% of U.S. labor productivity. Soviet industrial production is now expected to rise only 6.3% this year, v. a 7% growth last year.

Radical but Timid. This disappointing performance has set off a fierce debate in the Soviet press over the adequacy and execution of the reforms, introduced with much fanfare in 1965, that were intended to bring more flexibility into the ponderous, centrally controlled Soviet economy. In a secret speech last month, Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev severely criticized the economy's performance. Last week *Pravda*, reflecting his words, conceded that the Soviet economy is in serious trouble because of widespread waste, bureaucratic mismanagement, buck-passing and loafing workers—despite the reforms.

For a Communist economy, the reforms were radical. As originally proposed by Economist Yevsey Liberman they amounted to a quarter-turn toward concepts of free enterprise. Factories were to be rated not only on the quantity of goods they produced but also on the capitalist criterion of profit return on invested capital. Factory managers were to have more freedom to decide what to produce, and to make contracts directly with buyers and suppliers. Managers were to be encouraged to dismiss unneeded workers.

In practice, the reforms have been carried out so timidly that they have resulted in more confusion than flexibility. One major reason is that the Moscow industrial ministries—many of which were

criticized by *Pravda* last week—have been reluctant to surrender their authority. The ministries, in fact, have often "violated the rights granted to enterprises," according to Aleksandr Bachurin, deputy chairman of the U.S.S.R. State Planning Committee. In the first blush of reform during 1966, the "Engine of the Revolution" diesel factory in Gorky reduced the number of its products from 18 to the four that its managers thought could be produced most efficiently. In 1968, on orders from the Ministry of Heavy, Power and Transport Machine Building, it increased the number of products to 23.

Ministries continue to demand that



SOVIET TEXTILE PLANT
One shouts "Run!" another says "Lie down"

factories meet fixed-quantity production as well as profit goals, and often confuse managers by arbitrarily changing production plans. Georgy Kulagin, manager of the Leningrad Machine Tool Building Combine, complains "As a result of contradictory demands and recommendations, an enterprise is like a squad of soldiers commanded by a platoon of officers. When one officer shouts 'Run!' another commands 'Lie down!'" The Communist Party has done its bit to thwart the reforms by continuing to insist that industrial managers be selected for political reliability rather than technical competence.

Bigger than Necessary. In many less obvious ways, the goals of the reforms clash with the tradition of central planning that Soviet leaders refuse to abandon. For instance, the new stress on

profitability has led some factories to concentrate on making high-profit products that are already plentiful, but neglect more important but lower-profit items. Many producers are turning out machine tools and electric motors that are larger than those their customers need because the larger they are, the higher the price and the profit.

By Western standards, Soviet industry is vastly overstaffed. In machine-building plants, one out of every three workers is engaged in loading and unloading cargo. Attempts to fire superfluous workers collide with some basic realities of life in a planned economy. In the Soviet Union, the social benefits that a worker gets—his apartment, preschool care for his children, privileges at a summer resort—are all keyed to his job. A change of jobs can mean a complete change in life style, and workers strongly resist the prospect. Then too, many industrial managers want to keep a reserve force of workers on hand in case a sudden change in production targets requires more manpower. As a result most workers who theoretically have been "fired" are retrained and rehired by the same enterprises that dismissed them. Factories that really do dismiss workers are penalized by reductions in the funds allotted by Moscow for wage payments.

One model factory, the Shchekino fertilizer plant, did cut its work force from almost 7,000 two years ago to about 6,000 now, while raising production 80%. This highly touted success occurred under very special conditions. The Shchekino Chemical Combine happened to be building a synthetic-fiber plant to which it could transfer nearly all the workers dropped from the fertilizer factory. Moreover, Shchekino's managers were permitted to keep their entire wage fund and use it to raise the pay of the fertilizer workers they kept —a practice forbidden to most Soviet plant bosses.

Price of Real Reform. Soviet leaders show signs of realizing that their reforms have not gone nearly far enough. Vladimir Stinin, chairman of the State Committee for Prices, talks of a "timely revision of the pricing system." Under his plan, the Moscow ministries that now set specific prices would set only upper and lower price limits. Factory managers would decide the exact price —and their customers would have some leeway to haggle.

Whether the men who run the Soviet Union will loosen their control of the economy enough to make the reforms succeed is doubtful. Throughout Soviet discussion of economic reform runs an unstated but central theme: liberalization of the economy might lead to political heresy. In the view of some Western experts, the combination of economic reform and disintegration of Communist Party control in Czechoslovakia in 1968 weighs on the minds of Soviet leaders as they consider how far to go with reforms at home.

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RELIGION

The New Mass: More Variety for Catholics

FOR nearly four centuries—from 1570 to the Second Vatican Council in 1963—the Roman Catholic Mass was about as unchanging and unchangeable as the motion of the earth. From Manila to Minneapolis the language of the greater part of the service was the same softly mumbled Latin, punctuated by an occasional outspoken "*Domine vobiscum*." The hands of the priest, his back to the congregation, were cocked precisely at the prescribed angle at each critical moment of the liturgy. Only in small enclaves of liturgical innovation, around monasteries or colleges, and in mission territories were other forms being delicately introduced.

Then, as if the polar axis had shifted, came the liberation of Vatican II. The Mass was invaded by drums, guitars, mariachi ensembles, experimental liturgies were celebrated in the vernacular. There was Communion under "both kinds"—bread and wine—a privilege that the Latin-rite laity had not enjoyed in centuries (Protestants customarily receive both bread and wine, but Catholics believe that the bread alone—the living body of Christ—includes the "blood" as well.) Now the Vatican and the many national conferences of bishops are in the process of adopting an official new Mass that combines both longstanding tradition and some of the best of the new experiments.

Unlike the old Mass, a Counter-Reformation product of the Council of

Trent that outlined each word and move of the liturgy in some 57,000 words of meticulous rubrics, the new Mass is less a set of regulations than a series of options. Four alternative "Eucharistic prayers," for instance, may be chosen for the most sacred part of the Mass, the consecration of the bread and wine. Though the consecration words themselves ("This is my body . . . This is my blood . . .") are identical in each version, the four differing Eucharistic prayers are designed, in Pope Paul's phrase, to emphasize "different aspects of the mystery of salvation." One particularly eloquent version describes Christ as "a man like us in all things but sin. To the poor he proclaimed the good news of salvation, to prisoners, freedom, and to those in sorrow, joy." Developments in Eucharistic theology are also apparent in instructions for the new Mass, which emphasize its character as a "paschal meal," a gathering of the people of God to celebrate the memorial of the Lord.

The manner of Communion reflects the new theology as well. The Host—traditionally, in the U.S., a small white paper-thin wafer—is now supposed to be more breadlike, so that it can be broken and shared by priests and people in a more vivid re-enactment of the Last Supper. The wine may be drunk directly from the chalice, sipped from a spoon taken by "intinction" (dipping the bread in wine), or even sipped through silver straws.

Original Covenant. Other innovations will seem familiar to Protestants and Jews. At the beginning of the Mass, the priest greets the people with "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the

love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all"—an old Protestant favorite from St. Paul (*II Corinthians 13:14*). The offertory prayer begins with a translation of the phrase that traditionally opens Jewish blessings, "Blessed are You, Lord, God of all creation." The debt of Christianity to Judaism's original covenant with God is given sharper focus in the scriptural readings at Masses. Instead of two readings—the familiar Epistle and Gospel—Sunday Masses will now include three, one from the Old Testament, one from the Epistles or another New Testament book, and one from the Gospels.

Pleasing Protestants. Omissions from the old rite are not likely to be missed by many: gone are repetitious signs of the Cross, redundant prayers, endless genuflections. What has been added—a heavy emphasis on participation of those present—is particularly significant for a church in which lay involvement has long been passive. The laity will now officially open the Mass with an entrance hymn, will initiate the offertory by taking the bread and wine to the altar, and will share with the celebrant, and with each other, a "sign of peace" just before Communion—a handshake or friendly embrace.

Though such "innovations" mirror early Christian practice more authentically than the Council of Trent liturgy, with its many medieval accretions, the new Mass has already stirred some resistance. Sometime after Pope Paul promulgated the basic Latin version last April, two longtime Vatican conservatives, Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, 79, and Antonio Cardinal Bacci, 84, issued their own press statement calling the Mass "outrageous" and "a clear attack on dogma . . . such as to please the most avant-garde Protestants." The Pontiff replied that he expected Catholics to "promptly adhere" to the new rite, but



BLACK UNITY MASS IN CHICAGO'S HOLY ANGELS CHURCH

Less a set of regulations than a series of options.



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extended the deadline for its mandatory use to Nov. 28, 1971 (the first Sunday of Advent, which begins the liturgical year).

The extension, however, was not to appease reluctant bishops but to give time to national episcopal conferences to consider the options and prepare vernacular translations. Italy, obediently, is already using the new rite, and bishops in English-speaking countries will also be able to be well ahead of the deadline. While the new Latin missal itself was in preparation, an International Committee on English in the Liturgy was at work for four years. It prepared a common English translation of the Mass for eleven English-speaking countries and for some 40 other areas—mostly missionary territories—where English is used. U.S. bishops approved almost all of a revised version in November, and all of the other English-speaking hierarchies have approved it as well. In Great Britain, the new Mass will begin in many dioceses on the first Sunday in Lent; in the U.S. on Palm Sunday, March 22. Others are using it now. In most countries, the new rite should come as no great surprise, since many bishops have been adopting the reforms piecemeal, as the Vatican has permitted them.

Room for Change. The revised English version has already gone to U.S. Catholic publishers. Its language is, in most cases, a fresh, understandable, remarkably successful distillation of international English—plainspoken perhaps, but often poetic. Some foreign countries, such as Japan, have chosen to prepare their own translations from the English rather than the Latin text.

One part of the English translation will not yet be offered to U.S. Catholics: a new, ecumenical version of the Our Father, which lessens present differences between Protestant and Catholic versions by starting out simply "Our Father in heaven." There are other changes in the familiar prayer as well. "Forgive us our trespasses" ("Forgive us our debts" in most Protestant versions) becomes simply "Forgive us our sins." "Lead us not into temptation" becomes "Do not bring us to the test (the final test just before the Second Coming). American bishops have decreed that the old version will still be used in U.S. Masses, though a "Protestant-style" doxology—"For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours, now and forever"—will now follow it after a prayer by the celebrant.

Other liturgical reforms may well come in time. The Pope's own preface to the new "order of Mass" encourages "legitimate variations and adaptations," and throughout the instructions there is a notable emphasis on adapting the liturgy to local customs and needs. "The spirit of the new missal," concludes Jesuit C. J. McNaspy, "is releasing rather than restrictive." While the Pope clearly intends the new Mass to be a working model, McNaspy and others are confident that the way is still open for the Mass to develop further.

Catch-22 Caliber

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing, / 'Tis that I may not weep," wrote Byron. That philosophical fragment accounts for the duality of all black farce: looking between the cracks, one catches glimpses of hell.

M.A.S.H., one of America's funniest bloody films, is also one of its bloodiest funny films. Though it wears a dozen manic, libidinous masks, none quite covers the face of dread. The time is wartime, any time. Specifically it is the day before yesterday, during the Korean conflict. Somewhere outside Seoul, a group of Army doctors operate—in every sense of the word. Whatever rationality they possess is consumed by the disciplines of surgery. Off-duty they live by a hypocritical oath.

Bets are taken on the genuine blondeness of Nurse Hot Lips Houlihan, and an ingenious method is found to reveal her in the shower. The doctors' young houseboy is encouraged to beat the Korean draft by accelerating his heartbeat with Speed. The pious Major Burns (Robert Duvall) is driven into a straitjacket when his bed is bugged during a furtive love scene with Hot Lips. Their jubilant moans are broadcast on the camp's public-address system.

At the 4077th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, nothing is sacred because everyone is scared—the incipient madness that seeps back from the front. Ring Lardner Jr.'s overlapping *Catch-22*-caliber scenes devour congruity as war devours youth. In the abattoir of the operating room a surgeon saws off a leg while he begs a nurse to scratch his nose. The unit's greatest nurse chaser, Dentist Paulie Waldowski, decides that Don Juanism is a cover-up for homosexuality. Better never than latent,

he decides after a nontumescent night, and instantly opts for the Right Thing suicide.

"There will be a lecture on blood and fluid replacement in the mess hall," booms the squawk box, which becomes in time one of the film's most important characters. At intervals it announces the Friday-night movie—always a World War II film—by tonelessly chanting ancient ad campaigns: "The Glory Brigade . . . Uncle Sam's combat engineers showing the world a new way to fight, using bulldozers like bazookas . . . starring Victor Mature." In the closing footage, the last movie announced is "M.A.S.H."

Follow the zany antics of our combat surgeons snatching laughs and loves between amputations and penicillin . . . starring Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould. And so the movie, having attacked all else, turns inward and takes its own life.

Arterial Gushes. In making the most radical American comedy since *Dr. Strangelove*, Director Robert Altman decided that nothing succeeds like excess. Often he is right. *M.A.S.H.* begins where other antiwar films end—after the shells have exploded. Only two shots are fired in the movie, and both come from a referee's starting gun during a hilariously corrupt intraservice football game. Instead, there are the results of bullets: men bleed on-camera in great arterial gushes. The wounded are flown in on helicopters and stain their sheets as they die silently. The film's two main characters retain their sanity the way men have always done in the shadow of death, with a gallows humor.

As Hawkeye Pierce, Donald Sutherland plays the penultimate draftee, a drooping, lugubrious sack of sadness who makes Beetle Bailey look like Douglas MacArthur. His sidekick, Trapper,



GOULD (RIGHT) OPERATING IN "M.A.S.H."
Living by the hypocritical oath.

pungently played by Elliott Gould, is a fur-bearing slob with the skills of a Christian Barnard and the instincts of a pornographer. "How was it?" he teases Burns, post-coitus. "Better than self abuse."

Essentially, however, *M.A.S.H.* is not an actor's movie. Its furious humor arises from the collaboration of Lardner and Altman, who swing the scenario like a baseball bat. Not infrequently they shatter the wrong objectives, a parody of the Last Supper, for example, is utterly without wit or point. But most of the time the film is a moon reflecting the sun of battle, War assaults taste, language, sense itself. So do the soldiers who fight it. So do the doctors who aid the soldiers. So does *M.A.S.H.* animated with a dangerously robust sick humor and a highly civilized savagery. An audience should approach this film as it would a field of live mines.

Dissection of a Marriage

He says: "That's right, you're going to drive me to work when I want to go, goddammit, because that's what I want to do, when I want to do it."

She says: "The one thing I regret is this morning, when I told you that I loved you."

They slash at each other, not caring whether the cut is shallow or deep, but seeking only to wound. The dialogue comes equipped with quills. "You said something last night about having another baby," he says. "What's your position on that now?" Her reply is a don't-give-a-damn putdown. "Oh, I suppose just lying on my back." What gives this exchange its edge and makes the situation simultaneously forceful and intolerable, is the unmistakable air of reality.

Suburban Modern. The man and woman are the main figures—one is tempted to say antagonists—of a brutally frank documentary called *A Married Couple*. Made by Allan King, who was also responsible for the remarkable *Warrandale* the film is an unblinking dissection of a modern family. Distilling some 70 hours of film into a crucial 97 minutes, King has fashioned a sad and sometimes horrifying document in which viewers can pay uneasy witness to the approaching annihilation of a human relationship.

The couple King chose for his *cinéma vérité* excess had been his friends for almost five years. Billy Edwards, 42 years old, is a Toronto adman who had just moved into a cushy suburban-modern house with his wife Antoinette, their infant son Bogart and the family dog Merton. A cinematographer and a soundman, under King's direction, spent ten weeks in the Edwards' home arriving before breakfast and not leaving until everyone had gone to bed. They filmed everything, meals and holidays, affection and indifference, disagreements and brawls. The result is a perfect model of documentary film making.

Because of the film's nature, criticism

of *A Married Couple* cannot help sounding like psychoanalysis. To begin with, any couple that allows their marriage to be filmed and exposed in such a way is already approaching crisis. "I personally feel that it should be dealt with as drama," says King, "as a piece of fiction. But abstracting the situation in this manner removes not only some of its sting but much of its validity. It will be an almost irresistible temptation for audiences to align themselves with either husband or wife. Some will call Antoinette a selfish, shrill virago; others will see Billy as a frustrated personality whose need to control the relationship comes from his own inecurities."

Partisanship on either side is a trap. Many viewers will probably find them-



BILLY & ANTOINETTE EDWARDS IN "COUPLE Approaching an annihilation."

selves acting partly as referee and partly as analyst in a desperate match between two unattractive, unsympathetic but decidedly human beings. Most audiences will be astonished to learn that in real life, Billy and Antoinette remained together—and had another child.

King shrewdly manipulates the film, juxtaposing episodes for editorial effect as when he shows Antoinette asleep in her own bed, then cuts to Billy lying on his, nuzzling the dog. While King put *A Married Couple* together, his own marriage was breaking up, and it would be naive to believe that this did not influence his selection and arrangement of events. King maintains that Billy and Antoinette have "an average marriage," but the movie might better and more fairly be called *One Particular Married Couple*. In any case, the film can most accurately be appreciated as one man's documentary portrait of marriage, a deeply personal and therefore biased accomplishment in the growing art of the film essay.



just
mention
my
name

BOOKS

"Who Am I Now?"

CITY WITHOUT WALLS AND OTHER POEMS by W. H. Auden 124 pages. Random House, \$4.50

With his ageless, cigar store Indian's face, his schoolboyish cleverness and his endless role playing—political poet, lyric poet, religious poet—W. H. Auden was doomed to be regarded as the most promising poet in the English language. Right up to the threshold of old age. In fact, from the moment his first book of poems appeared when he was 23 and just down from Oxford, Auden was permanently assigned the prospect of becoming T. S. Eliot's successor. That has turned out to be practically a lifetime career.

The years passed. The books dutifully appeared, the promise was brilliantly maintained, an assured expectation. But like all crown princes kept waiting too long, Auden suddenly went from being considered promising to being considered a little passé.

Prizewinning Graffiti Now at 62, beyond promise, beyond middle-age slump, beyond fashion, the clever schoolboy deserves to be read for what he is: an endlessly experimenting, self-revising poet whose true voice is to try all voices, an honestly fluctuating responder to a fluctuating age. *City Without Walls*, containing poems of the past five years, includes nothing to rank with Auden's best. He appears to be long past the writing of wry love poems like "Lullaby." Perhaps more important, nowhere in this collection does he achieve the delicately blended wit and civilized humanity of "In Praise of Limestone" which may be his most beautiful and enduring shorter poem. Yet almost every other level and facet of Auden is present.

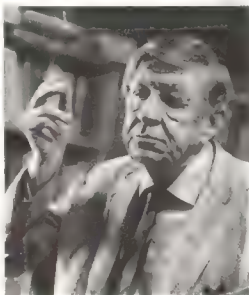
City Without Walls includes occasional verse in which Auden delights. The poet honors Fellow Poet Marianne Moore's 80th birthday, the wedding of a relative, the death of a housekeeper ("... in a permissive age/ so rife with envy, a housekeeper is harder/ to replace than a lover").

Auden's early collaborator, Christopher Isherwood, recalls, "You could say to him: 'Please write me a double ballad on the virtues of a certain brand of toothpaste, which also contains at least ten anagrams on the names of well-known politicians, and of which the refrain is as follows . . . Within 24 hours, your ballad would be ready—and it would be good.'"

As apparently effortless are the aphoristic fragments—like prizewinning graffiti—that Auden loves.

*Justice, permission to peck
a wee bit harder
than we have been pecked.*

As always, there is Auden modestly on the stump, or in the pulpit, but steadily aware of the dangers of pontificating. In the title poem, he invokes his Age of Anxiety themes, then introduces a second voice to cut himself down. What



W. H. AUDEN

Stubbornly tentative to the end.

fun and games you find it to play/ Jeremiah-cum-Juvenal . . . Suddenly yet a third voice yawns: "Go to sleep now for God's sake! You both will feel better by breakfast time.

From *Sixty to Sixteen-Plus*. "In poetry," Auden has written, "all facts and all beliefs cease to be true or false and become interesting possibilities." It is his refusal to give up possibilities that makes single-minded, typecasting critics suspect him of essential frivolity. The fellow is forever tinkering with meter. He is forever arguing that poetry is play. He has the nerve to say, "The unacknowledged legislators of the world" describes the secret police, not the poets." Can high art be as amusing as Auden makes it? Eliot once said that the purpose of art was to entertain—and get away with the manifesto. Auden practiced that belief poetically—and for a long time paid the critical price.

Times and critical tenets are changing, though Aeschylus's ant is no longer quite so honored, his grasshopper no longer quite so despised. Play has ceased to be such a dirty word. The wise and serious artist is more and more free of the burden of having to sound like a

high priest. Today's readers should be more inclined to accept Auden's virtuosity without imputing shallowness. He is serious, if not deadly—and who, save Lowell perhaps, can match him for compassion and complexity?

These qualities of mind and art are never better summed up than in the book's final poem, "Prologue at Sixty." Now beginning to listen to thoughts of his own death "like the distant roll of thunder at a picnic," the poet remains stubbornly tentative to the end. Part prayer, part history lesson, "Sixty" links Auden in his Austrian retreat to the Northern barbarian races—with whom Auden has always been conscious of kinship—and the long sweep of European history. "Turks have been here, Bonaparte's legions, Germans, Russians, and no joy they brought." The medium through which such awareness flows is the aging poet full of misgivings and reminiscences: "My numinous map of the Solihull gas-works/ gazed at in awe by a bronchial boy." "Who am I now?" he asks, and answers

*An American? No, a New Yorker,
who opens his Times at the obit page,
whose dream images date him already,
awake among lasers, electric brains,
do-it yourself sex manuals . . .*

Can Sixty make sense to Sixteen-Plus?

*What has my camp in common with theirs,
with buttons and beards and Be-Ins?
Much I hope . . .*

*To speak is human because human
to listen,
beyond hope, for an Eighth Day,
when the creatured image shall become the Likeness
Giver-of-Life transfigure me
all I accomplish my corpse at last.*

The Silence of Forgiveness

MRS ECKDORF IN O'NEILL'S HOTEL by William Trevor 304 pages Viking, \$5.95

Novelists, like photographers, may be divided between those who put sharp edges on life and those who prefer the soft focus. William (*The Old Boys*) Trevor belongs with the best of the impressionists—those who view the world as if through the haze of a slightly sad and baffling dream.

A County Cork man himself, Trevor has spread an eerie Irish mist over the shabby Dublin back street where O'Neill's Hotel stands in bewitched semi-ruin. On the top floor lives the proprietor, Mrs Sinnott, at 91 a legendary personage. Half Irish, half-Venetian and a deaf-mute, Mrs Sinnott is an almost mystical presence. The members of her family and the orphans she has collected about her over the years mostly the lost and the losers—make their pilgrimages to her room and scribble confessions into the red exercise books through which she communicates.

Trevor has animated a whole Irish

photograph by Murtin Shapiro



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repertory company of drinkers and fantasists. While Mrs. Sinnott's son Eugene sips sherry and gambles, he allows the hotel to degenerate into a part-time brothel. But he has a vocation of sorts to narrate proudly, compulsively, his latest nightful of dreams. And dreams of one kind or another are what get written down in Mrs. Sinnott's notebooks.

O'Shea, the old porter, shines his buttons and dreams of the day when O'Neill's Hotel will be restored to glory. Agnes Quinn, who started out to be a nun and ended up a whore, daydreams that her life—which largely consists of fat, grunting men and soiled sheets—has been magically turned into an old Olivia de Havilland movie.

Unfuzzy Truth. Into this soft-focus world Trevor introduces an antagonist, Mrs. Eckdorf, a cold-eyed photographer from Munich, with her efficient camera. She is a producer of coffee-table hooks—still-life documentaries of an atheistic priest and his parish, of the trail of a murderer in Colorado. She intends to photograph O'Neill's Hotel with pitiless clarity on the occasion of Mrs. Sinnott's 92nd birthday party. She wants to bring out all the unfuzzy truth about present and past, including why, almost 30 years before, Mrs. Sinnott's daughter and daughter-in-law had fled the hotel after an earlier birthday party.

Fanatically grubbing indecent exposures and hard sensory facts, Mrs. Eckdorf stands no chance against Trevor's Irish mist. In the end, she too longs to make her confessions to Mrs. Sinnott. Haplessly disoriented, she goes mad and finds at last the gift of dreaming.

Here, clearly, is Trevor's sardonic buck-of-the-hand to the non-Celtic Mrs. Eckdorfs of this world. But he is too Celtic himself to lift more than an edge of the mist that he has spread. What is Trevor's answer? What, for that matter, is his question? His novel remains an entrancing but disturbing sketch of human weaknesses—among them man's willingness to live with fantasies he can explain only to an old lady at the top of the stairs, who, in turn, can neither hear nor respond. What she offers is merely the silence of forgiveness.

Naked Branch

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY by Julian Mitchell. 307 pages. Grove. \$5.95.

Julian Mitchell's tricky new novel is about two sensitive, well-educated Englishmen who have widely varying difficulties trying to establish diplomatic relations with their demons and angels. For Charles Humphries, the attempt results in apathy and a self-destructive critical reflex. For Charles' oldest and dearest friend, the process produces *The Undiscovered Country* itself. The narrator of the novel is not only called Julian Mitchell but bears his real-life social, academic and professional credentials as well.

As if this were not enough of a lit-

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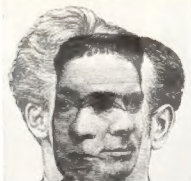
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JACKET FOR "THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY"
A kind of moral ananism.

erary contrivance, Author Mitchell also splits his book into two parts. In the first part, Mitchell, appearing as a character, offers a fluent memoir about his friendship with Charles. It begins in an English boarding school in the mid-'40s and ends with Charles' apparent suicide in the mid-'60s. This is the Age of Anxiety's baroque period, and Charles and Julian experience many of its significant furbelows: postwar empiricism at Oxford and Cambridge, uneventful military service, the California boat scene and damp marches through England for nuclear disarmament.

The second half of the book is presented as Charles' posthumously published novel, called *The New Satyricon*. It is a fragmentary assault on modern society that surrealizes many of the events and cultural characteristics that Author Mitchell has previously related with a measure of reserved compassion. It stars a familiar picaresque hero-victim who is destroyed by the world's perversions during a quest for the ideal love-object. Although it is replete with sex orgies and James Bondian power fantasies, the satire is based on the story of Abraham and Isaac. In Charles' existential updating, however, there is no sacrificial ram to substitute for Isaac and no hand of God to stop Abraham's knife. *The New Satyricon* often reads like a pugged-leg parody of both William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy*.

Astute Broker. Character Mitchell comments knowingly on his friend's work, which is not surprising because Author Mitchell actually wrote it. Fortunately, he makes no literary claims for it. Instead, the novel is seen as a pathology report on Charles' spiritual trouble, which appears to be a kind of moral ananism. Charles' outrage proves wasteful and leads only to death; similarly, his attack on a corrupt and hypocritical world ends up only satirizing and thus destroying itself.

Mitchell, 34, is a British novelist, critic, stage and film writer. In his previous novels, *The White Father*, *A Disturbing Influence*, *A Circle of Friends* and *As Far As You Can Go*, he adroitly handled plots, dialogues and the sticky

filaments of character development. His latest book reveals him as an astute broker of contemporary ideas and literary styles. *The Undiscovered Country* is a remarkably self-centered document. Mad Charles is the dark side of sensible Julian, and his existence goads Julian into facing his own limitations as a man and writer. As a novel, the book is too explicit and too facile. But as an act of self-examination, it focuses rewardingly on a permanent inner state of mind—for many, still an undiscovered country—where there exist, unrestrained and unlabeled, feelings usually called love, lust, hatred and tenderness. These emotions are natural resources, and to tamper with their balance entails great risk. Good artists know this instinctively. The German poet Rilke, for example, gave up psychotherapy on mystically logical grounds: if his demons were exorcised, his angels would decamp too.

On Splendors in the Grass

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF GRASS by Jack S. Margolis and Richard Clorfene. 188 pages. Contact Books. \$2.95.

The only thing remotely keeping pace with the weed-like growth of marijuana use in the U.S. is verbiage on the subject. What with books, magazines and talk shows, no man today is considered complete without an expressed opinion on grass. But little of the talk communicates a direct sense of what using pot is really like. How does it feel? What are the ways of getting high? How is grass obtained? This unpretentious little book, which has circulated in the pot subculture for the past four months and will soon be published as a regular paperback, comes up with just that sort of stone lowdown. It has something to say to those who have, to those who haven't but want to, and even to those who don't want to but would like to stay informed.

Authors Margolis and Clorfene, who are comedy writers and (they claim) nonusers, begin with the beginner and tell him what to expect. There is no initial kick or jolt from grass, they say, and "there is no way you are 'supposed' to feel." But among the feelings that may happen are a slow general euphoria, the discovery that everything is funny (even "your friend's teeth are a riot"), and a minute fascination with whatever little thing the smoker happens to be doing. Occasionally smokers are affected by a sense of paranoia, an inability to remember in the middle of a sentence what it was they were talking about, as well as loss of a sense of time. The smoker scurries to see what his date has been doing in the kitchen so long, "only to realize that she's been gone a minute and a quarter." Pot also enhances the capacity to appreciate everything, claim the authors, especially the "holy three"—food, music and sex. As they put it: "When you have a panacea, you have a panacea."

Obviously, Margolis and Clorfene are

pot enthusiasts. Though they point out that the weed's long-term effects are still under hot scientific debate, the only serious dangers they discuss are legal. But they do not puff the splendors in the grass in the old unwary Leary style. They state categorically, for instance, that "there is no such thing as a profound revelation while stoned." The book is not intended as a polemic; it is merely a report that, in addition to discussing the subjective feelings of being high, includes such how-to-items as rolling a marijuana cigarette, cleaning an ounce of the stems and seeds, and making a buy safely.

There is a wealth of offbeat tips: don't hide your pot in a spice jar despite its resemblance to oregano, because everyone—even J. Edgar Hoover—knows that trick; to quintuple pot's potency, put it in a closed box with dry ice for at least 48 hours. For eating, which the authors contend is more effective than smoking, the simplest recipe is to fry one heaping teaspoon grass in dry pan for five minutes, then add two or three tablespoons heated honey, swallow and wait an hour. For many readers—especially nonusers—the greater value lies in the pleasant, almost grass-like aura that the authors produce. Despite a slightly overbreezy style and an occasional tendency to be cutesie-pie, their low-key approach and refusal to take the whole thing too seriously help support their main contention: that grass should be no big deal.

* Selling marijuana is a federal offense punishable by from two to 20 years in prison. In all 50 states, however, mere possession of the drug is a crime. On a first offense, it can be punished with a sentence ranging up to 35 years. Supporting legal prohibition is a 1969 presidential task-force report that asserts that the widespread use of marijuana represents a significant mental health problem.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (1 last week)
2. *The Godfather*, Puzo (2)
3. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier (3)
4. *The Inheritors*, Robbins (4)
5. *The Seven Minutes*, Wallace (5)
6. *Fire from Heaven*, Renault (6)
7. *Puppet on a Chain*, MacLean (7)
8. *In This House of Brede*, Golden (9)
9. *The Shivering Sands*, Holt (10)
10. *The Gong That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, Breslin (8)

NONFICTION

1. *The Selling of the President 1968*, McGinniss (1)
2. *Present at the Creation*, Acheson (2)
3. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (3)
4. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser (4)
5. *The American Heritage Dictionary* (6)
6. *Ambassador's Journal*, Galbraith (5)
7. *The Collapse of the Third Republic*, Shirer (7)
8. *Prime Time*, Kendrick (8)
9. *The Graham Kerr Cookbook* (9)
10. *My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy*, Gallagher

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